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ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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MDCCCXXXIX.

JULY—DECEMBER.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. VI.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν το' ΕΚΔΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.

CLEM. ALEX. Strom. L. 1.

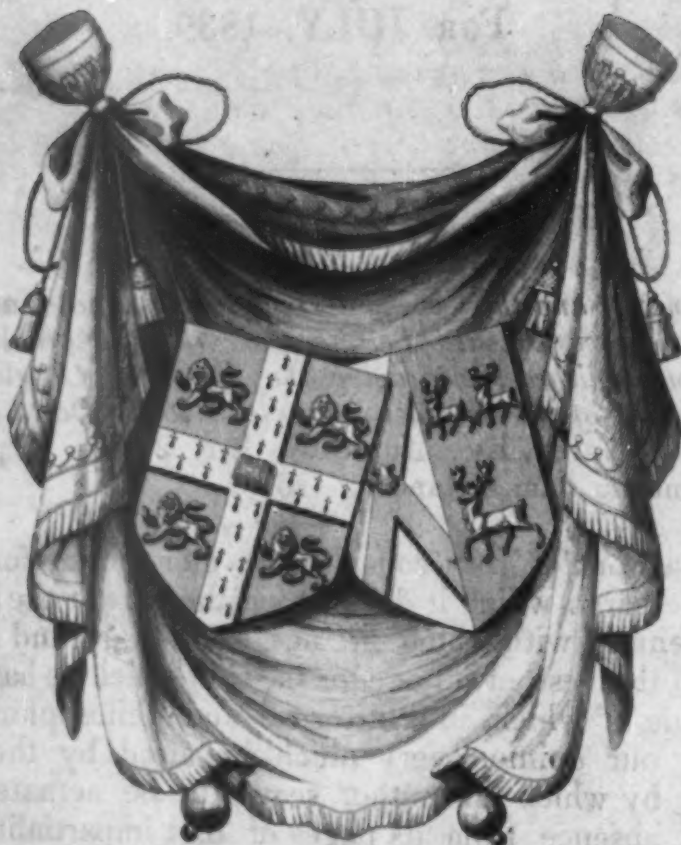
LONDON :

W. BALL, ARNOLD, AND Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH ; AND D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

1839.

ECLECTIC REVIEW



Academia Cantabrigiensis Liber.

LONDON:

J. HADDON PRINTER, CASTLE STREET, FINEBURV.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1839.

Art. I. *Montrose and the Covenanters; their Character and Conduct, Illustrated from Private Letters and other Original Documents hitherto unpublished; embracing the Times of Charles the First, from the Rise of the Troubles in Scotland, to the Death of Montrose.*
By MARK NAPIER, Esq., Advocate. 8vo. 2 Vols. Pp. xxii., 538, 582. London: James Duncan. 1838.

THIS is a work of very considerable merit both for the laborious research which it displays on the part of the author, and for the ingenuity with which he has worked up and set out his materials to the best advantage for the side which he has espoused; but the value of which, in a historical and philosophical point of view, is, in our opinion, very much impaired by the vehement party-spirit by which the author seems to be actuated, and the consequent absence from its pages of that impartiality of statement, calmness of decision, and moderation of language, which form such essential ingredients in a good history. Mr. Napier is evidently a member of that religious party which styles itself 'The Church in Scotland,' in contradistinction to that which has assumed the title of 'The Church of Scotland,' and with that title has appropriated the patrimony which of divine right belongs only to the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church as purified at the Reformation; and with all the characteristic hauteur, superstition, bigotry, and fierce intolerance of his party, he seems to be plentifully endowed. We question if a sounder Tory of the very oldest school at this moment walks the earth, or a more thorough-going Churchman can be found even among the rising hopes of Oxford. With such opinions and prejudices it was hardly possible that Mr. Napier should discuss the character and conduct of the parties engaged in the great struggle between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, which has rendered so memorable the period

he has undertaken to illustrate, with that patient deliberation and candid impartiality which the importance of the case, and the numerous difficult points involved in it, render so desirable; and, accordingly he has from the very first taken a side, and throughout the volumes, quoted and argued, and declaimed with all the one-sided vehemence of a special pleader. He never seems to forget that he writes himself 'Advocate,' and that, in the present instance, Montrose and the Malignants are his clients. Hence he eagerly lays hold of every opportunity of magnifying the virtues, and wailing over the unmerited sufferings of the Royalists, whilst he is equally assiduous to bring out into prominent relief all that tends to depreciate the character, impugn the motives, and blacken the memory of their opponents. Charles I. is set forth as a 'truly 'Christian king, with domestic virtues and private accomplishments infinitely superior to the age in which he suffered,'—so illustrious a compound of all that is generous and righteous, that he 'would do a favour to any one, but could do an injustice for no 'one'—ever magnanimous and benevolent, yet ever harassed, insulted, and deceived by his rebellious and ungrateful subjects—the model of royal virtue, the victim of perfidy, rapacity, and insubordination. For the unfortunate Covenanters, on the other hand, Mr. N. finds no appellation too severely abusive, and from the frequency with which his abuse is bestowed upon them, it would seem as if he felt that it was only by a series of repeated efforts that he could extort from the feeble powers of language an expression sufficiently strong of the indignation and scorn with which he regards their persons and labours. They are designated as a 'Scotch faction,' of whose proceedings 'a savage contempt for royal authority, the arts of popular agitation, the spirit 'of persecution that instantly sprung up to clear the path for 'democracy' were characteristics (vol. i. p. 21);—as 'the impious 'contrivers of the Covenant,' whose 'prime minister' appears in 'England 'collecting round the devoted monarch the toils of the 'great rebellion—scenting, not afar off, his blood in the blood of 'Strafford, and howling, like a savage, for the rewards that were 'to satiate the malice and the avarice of Scotland (pp. 21, 22). Their clergy, we are told, 'were born of democracy and fanaticism,' and were 'for the most part uncouth, unlearned, and unenlightened,' yet persons 'who felt their passions and their lungs 'strong enough to afford them a chance, when the waters were 'troubled of emulating the popularity of Knox' (pp. 100, 101). The Covenant itself—the 'wicked Covenant'—is described as the 'bond of faction and banner of rebellion' (p. 146), and to its real history, we are assured, 'hardly one generous feeling, one 'Christian impulse, or one legitimate act belongs' (p. 71). We might multiply quotations of a similar cast, for Mr. Napier scatters the flowers of his vituperative rhetoric with no penurious

hand ; but the above will, we think, be sufficient to evince to our readers the spirit and temper in which he has undertaken his work, and the very accurate estimate he has formed of what is due to the gravity and moderation of the historian. The acerbity of his language is the more unpardonable, that he is perpetually seizing the opportunity of lecturing others for their sins in this particular. Mr. Brodie, Malcolm Laing, Lord Nugent, as well as the whole body of covenanting annalists, are brought under his lash on every occasion on which they have used a harsh expression or pronounced a strong censure regarding any of the party for which he pleads. We must do Mr. Napier the justice, however, to add, that he has had the grace to offer in his preface an expression of regret for the vehemence of language into which he has been betrayed ; though of a much more feeble nature than the flagrant violations of good taste and proper feeling of which he has been guilty would require.

We the more regret this display of petulance and party-spirit on the part of our author, that his work is in other respects deserving of commendation and respect. Its contributions to our stores of materials for forming an accurate estimate of the men and events of the important period to which it refers, are numerous and valuable, and such as are calculated to correct not a few prevailing mistakes into which our most respectable historians have fallen. Mr. Napier has made ample use of his privilege of access to that prodigious treasure of authentic information on all matters relating to the History of Scotland, the MSS. of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh ; and to the mass of original and curious facts and evidence which he has adduced from this source, he has made many not unimportant nor uninteresting additions from sources of a more private kind, especially from the Charter-chest of that illustrious family whose name he bears, and of whose most illustrious member he is already advantageously known as the biographer. The aspect under which the details he has brought forward place the character of Montrose is new, and greatly more favourable in a moral point of view, to that remarkable and, we must add, much misunderstood individual, than that under which he has hitherto for the most part, been presented to us. Instead of the fickle, unprincipled, and ruthless monster which some of our historians have delighted to paint him, he now stands before us in the character of one, in whom a high sense of honour and a steadfast regard to what he considered principle were predominating motives of action,—who was endowed with many private as well as social virtues,—and whose heroic bearing under the trying scenes amid which he closed his earthly career, was not the sudden flashing into brilliancy of a flame that had previously burned with a lurid and portentous glare, but was rather the glorious setting of a luminary, which through a long and stormy day had held on its

course with untarnished, though not untroubled lustre. On the service thus rendered to the memory of Montrose, however, and the clearing up of one or two obscure points in the history of the times in which he lived, the value of the work before us in a great measure terminates. We still hold our unfavourable opinion of Charles in spite of Mr. Napier's urgent pleading on his behalf, and are still disposed to do honour to the religious part of the Covenanters, notwithstanding his vehement abuse of the whole body. Bishop Burnet is not altogether ruined in our estimation as an historian, because Mr. N. has shown he could write an abject letter when placed in circumstances of peril, and was given occasionally to allow a little clerical spleen to influence his pen in delineating the characters of his contemporaries. Of Johnstone, Hamilton, and Argyle we think much as we did before, only that our unfavourable estimate of their character and conduct has been somewhat confirmed by the evidence Mr. Napier has adduced. And though he has raised Montrose, Napier, and their confederates prodigiously in our esteem, we have not been thereby brought one whit nearer Conservatism, nor rendered in the slightest degree more inclined to give up our attachment to those sound principles of constitutional government for which they at first contended, for the sake of adopting those of a more arbitrary and prescriptive character, to the defence of which the violence of the popular party seems at last to have driven them.

As the personal history of Montrose is the thread by which Mr. Napier has connected his materials in the volumes before us, we cannot do better, in attempting to give our readers a condensed view of their contents, than to follow as nearly as our different circumstances will allow, the course he has adopted. Our object in this survey of the history of Montrose, however, shall be not merely to do justice to the character of that individual, by setting before our readers the true facts of his life as detailed by Mr. Napier, but still more to present to them a correct, though necessarily brief and cursory sketch of the important, and in many respects unparalleled transactions of which Scotland was the theatre during the troubled reign of the first Charles.

MONTROSE was the only son of John, third Earl of that name, and, as appears from an incidental notice of his age furnished by his biographer Wishart, when recording certain events that occurred towards the close of his life, must have been born about the close of 1612, or the commencement of the following year. At the death of his father, which took place unexpectedly on the 24th of November, 1626, he was not more than fourteen years of age. During the remainder of his minority he enjoyed the advantage of being under the guardianship of Lord Napier, the son of the illustrious inventor of Logarithms, who, with a large share of his father's ability and learning, inherited all his

native sagacity and attachment to the Protestant faith. Under the direction of this estimable nobleman, Montrose was introduced to an accurate acquaintance with Latin and Greek, besides being instructed in those other branches of polite education which his station in society required and his means afforded. A temporary interruption to his studies was occasioned by his marriage, which seems to have taken place when he was little more than seventeen years of age, and which was consummated thus early by the advice of his friends, who, warned probably by the sudden demise of his father, were anxious to guard against the misfortune of his noble house being left without a lineal representative in case of the like happening to himself. The lady to whom he was united was Magdalene, a daughter of Lord Carnegy, of Kinnaird, afterwards first Earl of Southesk. The interruption caused by this event seems, however, to have been of brief continuance, for as very shortly after coming of age, Montrose entered upon active life, it could only have been by great assiduity and diligence during the years of his minority, that he acquired those literary attainments of which in after years he gave so many proofs.

Towards the commencement of 1633, when just entered on his twenty-first year, Montrose proceeded to the continent, where he remained for three years. During this period his time was occupied principally in improving himself by intercourse with French and Italian society, by the observation of men and manners in the countries through which he travelled, and by prosecuting such branches of intellectual and physical culture as yet remained to complete that course of education which, by the advice doubtless of his accomplished guardian and 'most tender father,' Lord Napier, he proposed to pass before entering upon the stormy scenes of active life. The statement which is frequently made as of unquestioned authority, that during this period he was for a season engaged in the service of the French king as a captain in the Scottish Guard, is shown by Mr. Napier to be a mistake, traceable, in all probability, to some confusion in the minds of those with whom it originated, between the early history of Montrose and that of his future opponent, and ultimately companion in arms, the Marquis of Huntly. The shortness of his residence in France, and the nature of the studies in which he was engaged whilst there, combined with the fact that during the whole of that period the captaincy of the Scottish Guard was held by Lord Gray, place it beyond a question, that no such situation was occupied by Montrose; though there can be little doubt that the scenes of warlike enterprise of which the continent was at that time the theatre, and in which the Scottish mercenaries took so prominent a part, tended in no small degree to foster the military spirit in his bosom, and give an impulse to

that love of bold and heroic adventure by which his subsequent career was so strikingly marked.

On his return to Britain, in the early part of 1636, he presented himself at the court of Charles, where his reception was very different from what his personal merits and the services of his family entitled him to expect. A frigid act of courtesy, insultingly performed, was the only welcome with which the selfish and haughty monarch received the youthful noble, who endowed with all the accomplishments of his age, was burning to lay the unqualified offer of his services at the feet of his hereditary sovereign. Mr. Napier, following Heylyn, endeavours to trace this injurious treatment to the crafty surmises of the Duke of Hamilton, at that time the King's bosom counsellor, in so far at least as Scotland was concerned, and from certain suspicions of his own seems inclined to hint, that nothing was wanting on the part of another Scotchman whom Charles had recently admitted into his councils, the young Lord of Lorn, afterwards Earl and Marquis of Argyle, to foster the prejudice thereby excited against one in whom both of these noblemen had reason to dread a formidable rival at court. The only objection to this theory is, that it has little beyond mere conjecture in its support, for it certainly serves to account for what otherwise must appear very extraordinary,—the rejection by Charles of one whose illustrious descent, personal accomplishments, and hereditary principles seemed to point him out as a fit favorite for a prince to whom such qualifications were never indifferent; and there is nothing in the subsequent history of these noblemen in respect either of their public conduct, or of their behaviour towards Montrose, to cast any antecedent improbability on the supposition to which Mr. Napier resorts. Be this, however, as it may, the fact that Montrose was all but directly repulsed on the occasion of his first appearance at court, is unquestionable; and as little can it be doubted that, on his return to Scotland, which took place immediately after, he carried with him the rankling soreness which, in a mind like his, such unworthy treatment could not fail to produce.

On his arrival at the capital of his native country, a state of things presented itself to his view but little calculated to allay the tumult of his feelings, or to lull him into forgetfulness of the insult he had received. The whole country was in a state of intense political and religious excitement. A long series of foolish, vexatious, and oppressive interferences on the part of the crown, with the religious habits and prejudices of the people, had at length formed among the latter a spirit of fierce and determined resistance, which was rapidly verging towards an appeal to arms. The nation had reached one of those awful crises when the power that has been silently and imperceptibly gathering behind the bulwarks that seemed to repress and confine it, bursts suddenly

forth, and sweeps with resistless and appalling fury over every obstacle. Unusual and portentous murmurs had long given ominous warning of the coming storm; but in vain. A few cautious and careful observers had marked the gradual rising of the tide, but the warnings they uttered were treated with disdain by those to whom they were addressed, or were replied to only by fresh attempts to beat back within still narrower limits the advancing surge. The time had at length arrived when this course could no longer be pursued. The intimations of danger had become too palpable and alarming to be longer overlooked. Men of all parties felt that a mighty struggle was at hand, and were preparing themselves as their interests or their consciences dictated, to take a side in the conflict. All as yet was uncertainty and excitement. Nothing was organized; hardly any thing definitely proposed. The nation, however, was obviously separating into two great parties. On the one side stood those who inscribed 'Episcopacy,' on the other, those who inscribed 'Presbytery,' on their banners. But these were mere accidental distinctions;—announcing only the proximate, and not the fundamental cause of the dispute. It was in reality the old struggle between Prerogative and Liberty—between the assumptions of the few, and the rights of the many—that had been revived in Scotland, though under circumstances of a peculiar nature, and with an aspect modified by the religious feelings and mental character of the people. Though the COVENANT was the magnet by which the unsettled elements of society were either attracted or repelled, and thereby formed into two antagonist masses, it was the tremendous force of tyrannical oppression that had first destroyed their natural cohesion, and thereby given occasion to the new combination. Mr. Napier finds in this rallying point nothing but a pretext for faction and rebellion; but it requires, we think, only a very cursory acquaintance with the progress of feeling and opinion in Scotland, during the greater part of the preceding century, to enable us to perceive that some such outbreak of popular indignation was almost a necessary consequence of the policy which had been pursued towards the nation at large, by those in whose hands the government was placed.

The Reformation from Popery was effected in Scotland almost exclusively by the powerful influence which the preaching of Knox and his confederates communicated to the minds of those composing the middle and lower classes of society. From first to last it was a popular movement, the result of strong conviction and ardent zeal on the part of those whose minds had been first awakened to independency of thought and feeling, by the stern and vehement exhortations of the Calvinistic preachers. The effect of this upon the national mind was deep and lasting. Apart from the more direct consequences of the change that had taken

place in the religious opinions and habits of the people, the manner in which they had themselves effected that change, not only without the countenance of those to whom they had been accustomed to yield unquestioning obedience, but in the face of their most strenuous opposition, had taught them a lesson of self-respect, and imbued them with a consciousness of their own power which materially affected the relations in which they had hitherto stood to their hereditary superiors. For the first time they had exercised the right of thinking for themselves, and having succeeded in constraining their rulers to admit that right, they were not likely to return speedily to the state of vassallage and passivity from which that effort had roused them. They had swallowed the first draught from the fountain of freedom, and had found it too pleasant and refreshing to allow the stone which had so long covered that fountain, again to be rolled upon it. It was not, however, for civil freedom so much as for the rights of conscience that they were concerned. They had arisen to cast from them the bonds not of a political, but of a spiritual despotism. They were, consequently, less disposed to quarrel about matters of policy, than to maintain to the last, every jot and tittle of that ecclesiastical system for which they had already dared and done so much. Their religion was to them not merely the basis of their hopes for eternity, and the source of their comfort and direction in life, it was also associated with all that was spirit-stirring in the recollection of the hour when they first burst from the thralldom of centuries. They felt that in being the objects of a divine message, they occupied a place which rendered it an invasion of the divine prerogative to withhold from them the right of studying that message for themselves, without respect to any authority but that of the Almighty. Whilst, therefore, they offered no resistance to the temporal claims of their sovereign—whilst, on the contrary, they seemed prepared for almost any degree of sacrifice or service which loyalty in temporal matters was thought to demand; their religion was a sacred inclosure within which they would permit no profane foot to enter, and the integrity and purity of which they were ready to defend with the last drop of their blood. Amidst poverty and insecurity they felt this to be a treasure of certain and unsearchable riches; under the grinding oppression and incessant exactions of their feudal superiors, they gloried in the consciousness that this at least was their own. It was the pearl of great price for which they were ready to part with all that they had, but which they would exchange for nothing, short of those unseen glories of which it was the foretaste and the pledge.

Under these circumstances, nothing more strikingly shows the utter infatuation which seems to have seized upon the princes of the house of Stuart, than that they should have selected this point

—the only one on which the mass of the people were peculiarly sensitive,—as that through which to probe most painfully and cruelly the patience and loyalty of their hereditary subjects. From the very first the Presbyterian faith had been distasteful to them, and in allowing it to become the established religion of the country they had yielded, unwillingly and with bad grace, only to a stern necessity. They accordingly were ready, on the first opportunity, to endeavour its destruction, and at this favourite object they laboured until they had severed every tie of loyalty and custom by which the Scottish nation was bound; and had kindled the flames of a civil war, in which, after it had raged for the greater part of a century, and licked up some of the best blood of the kingdom, their own ancient line was at last consumed and lost. So long as James remained in possession only of the Scottish throne, the contest seems to have proceeded with little virulence or zeal on either side. No sooner, however, had he ascended that of England, and got over his never very deeply seated horror of ‘Pasche and Yule,’ and the ‘evil-said mass’ of the Liturgy;* no sooner had he tasted the sweets of being surrounded by obsequious bishops, who did him reverence as the acknowledged head of the Church, and flattered him into the belief, that on him the mantle of Solomon had descended, than he learned to adopt for his motto, ‘No bishop, no king,’ and commenced with resolute vigor to assail the constitution which had been conceded to the Kirk of Scotland, by attempting to subvert the Presbyterian parity of its ministers, and to enforce upon its members a conformity in matters of faith and order to the Episcopal church of England. The success which attended his exertions is almost incredible, considering the state of feeling among the majority of the clergy and the great mass of the people in Scotland; and can only be satisfactorily accounted for by the romantic loyalty of the nation, and their unwillingness to believe that one of their own Stuarts could be deliberately and intentionally seeking their personal injury and national disgrace. Not only did James succeed in engrafting bishops upon the stock of the Presbyterian Establishment, but he gradually accomplished the restoration to these functionaries of much of the wealth, power, and dignity which had been enjoyed by the Scottish bishops previous to the Reformation. Large innovations were made also in the ritual and discipline of the church; an uniform Liturgy was enforced; the eucharist was appointed to be received in a kneeling posture; the ‘holy communion’ to be administered to sick persons who could declare upon their conscience, that they considered their sickness to be deadly; all children to be baptized

* See Price's *History of Protestant Nonconformity*, vol. i. p. 449.

in the church, and a declaration to be made after the ceremony by the minister, that the child 'ought therefore to be received as one 'of the true flock of Christ's fold;' all young persons to be instructed in the catechism, and to be in due time presented to the bishop, that he might 'bless them with prayer for the increase of 'their knowledge, and the continuance of God's heavenly graces 'with every one of them;' and the festivals of Christmas, Good-Friday, Easter, Ascension-day, and Whit-Sunday to be observed.* The means by which James succeeded in introducing these innovations were sufficiently discreditable. Bribery, craft, and force were unsparingly employed for the purpose. The royal prerogative was stretched to its utmost extent for the protection of those who favoured his designs, and for the punishment of those who opposed them. Some of the basest men were exalted both to civic and ecclesiastical dignity; some of the worthiest and most respected were treated as criminals, deprived of their civil or ecclesiastical status, fined, imprisoned, or banished from the kingdom. Still it was only after repeated attempts, and a considerable lapse of time, that the triumph was attained; and the difficulties James had to encounter seem to have effectually deterred him from making any further encroachments upon the Scottish Kirk, though perseveringly urged to it by the restless and malignant bigotry of Laud.† Nor was his success in reality so great as it appeared. A large proportion even of those who had supported his innovations, or tacitly acquiesced in them, were in heart averse from them; while not a few of the more zealous of the Presbyterian party were fearlessly and openly opposing them. A strong feeling had been excited throughout the country in favour of the deposed and banished clergy, of which several of the latter availed themselves, and returned to their former spheres of labour. The 'too-fervid genius'‡ of the nation had, moreover, been rudely stirred, and was venting its effervescent wrath in murmurs and moody threats, which if they fell short of the monarch, lighted with full weight upon the unlucky men on whose behalf he had violated the civil and ecclesiastical immunities of the people. A contemporary Latin epigram upon Nicholson, Bishop of Dunkeld, from the pen of one who himself subsequently sustained the burden of a mitre, David Lindsay, successively

* Cook's History of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii. pp. 291—294. The above form the famous 'Articles of Perth;' they were agreed to by a General Assembly of the Church held at that city in 1618, and were enacted by Parliament three years afterwards.

† See a curious passage in proof of this in Hackett's *Life of Williams*, part i. p. 64; quoted also by Dr. Price, *History of Nonconformity*, vol. ii. p. 46, note.

‡ 'Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.' Buchanan.

Bishop of Brechin and of Edinburgh, sets forth not inelegantly, the penitential anxiety with which that prelate, at least, longed to be relieved of the uneasy honours with which his sovereign had invested him. Of this epigram we venture to submit to our readers the following version; the original is given in the *Historia Rerum nuper Regno Scotiæ Gestarum*—(ascribed to Lewis du Moulin, and composed from contemporary documents).

In vain my wife, in vain my friends console,
In vain they bid me seek the Leech's skill;
None can me comfort, nought can make me whole,
Nought, save an act, my sovereign, of thy will:—
Oh! from my throbbing brow this mitre lift;
Resume thy soul-and-body-killing gift.†

Among the more pious part of the community a feeling of sadness and of deep regret prevailed; in their eyes a grievous wrong had been done to the prerogative of Christ, the sole Head of the Church, and the way opened for the return of all the Antichristian abominations of which Scotland had been purged at the Reformation; in their own expressive words, they felt that they had 'lost 'the sap, and blood, and warmth of the pristine church—that 'every-thing was retrograding and becoming worse—and that the 'whole Antichristian hierarchy, which had been formerly rejected, 'was, to the extreme grief and lamentation of all good men, 'about to be recalled from the lower regions to the light.'‡ Amid the follies and absurdities of his court, James might make himself merry with the remonstrances and sorrows of his injured and insulted countrymen; but a spirit had been evoked by his bungling tyranny which it passed his craft to lay, and which in the bosoms of a stern and inflexible people, was even then brooding over purposes of retaliation when the day of vengeance should arrive.

The work which James had so far succeeded in accomplishing,

* This appears to have been but a poetical paraphrase of what Nicholson declared on his death-bed; for Calderwood tells us he assigned as the cause of his illness, that 'the digesting of the bishopric had wracked his stomach.' *Hist.* p. 570. See also Mc Crie's *Life of Melville*, ii. pp. 105, 251.

† Tunc succum, sanguinem et calorem pristinae Ecclesiae amisimus; hinc omnia in pejus reure et retro sublapsa referri, adeo ut Antichristiana omnis Hierarchia ante egerata, bonorum summo cum gemitu et mœrore ab inferis in lucem revocaretur.—*Epist. ab Ecclesiis Scotiis ad Helveticas, &c.*, appended to the *Hist. Rerum Gestarum*, above referred to. It is interesting to observe from this letter how anxiously the Scottish clergy labour to excuse both James and Charles, and to cast the blame of their sufferings upon Laud and some of their own bishops. There is some justice in this; but more of a mere morbid loyalty

his unhappy son determined at all hazards to complete. Haughty, resolute, and deeply bigoted, Charles espoused the ecclesiastical views of his father only to carry them out with a firmer purpose, and by a more open and avowed course of procedure. His first measures with respect to the Scottish Church, while they brought him into direct collision with some of the most powerful of his nobility, and were accomplished by means more arbitrary than honourable, were nevertheless productive of real benefit to the clergy and to the country generally. By revoking the gifts which his predecessors had made of the teinds or tithes to certain lay impropriators, and settling them upon their present basis, he conferred a boon at once upon the peasantry, by relieving them from a most oppressive and ruinous vassalage; upon the nation at large by the encouragement thereby afforded to agriculture, and the facilities furnished for extending education through all classes of the community; and upon the clergy, by supplying them with moderate, but certain and easily collected stipends.* Had he been contented with this, we should willingly have accorded the praise which Mr. Napier claims for him of having been actuated solely by a desire for the happiness of his people and the prosperity of his kingdom; but we fear the pertinacity with which he sought to couple with these acts certain regulations respecting clerical vestments, as well as his subsequent proceedings, too clearly shows, that the charge brought against him by Laing and Brodie, of intending by them rather the aggrandisement of the episcopal party in the Church, than the good of the community, is well-founded. It is plain from the extracts which Mr. Napier has furnished in the work before us, from the contemporary papers of Lord Napier, that the moderate party, as represented by that nobleman, viewed with deep regret the indications which the king's conduct upon this occasion furnished of his pertinacious determination to carry through his designs respecting the establishment of Episcopacy in all its fulness of prelatic pomp and power in Scotland; and our author has himself admitted, that if Charles did not push matters to an extremity at this time, it was only because he 'had *paused* in his favorite and pious 'scheme of arranging a uniformity of worship throughout his 'kingdoms, and determined to conquer more gradually and with 'as little violence as possible, the selfish obstinacy of the tithe-'holders, which, he had every reason to believe, was the only 'obstacle to his *ameliorations* of the Episcopal Church in Scot-'land.'—Vol. i. p. 94. In the king's own account of his conduct it is admitted, that the act relating to the vestures of the clergy, as

* See Heylin's *Life of Laud*, and Cook's *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 342.

well as an act ratifying all the ecclesiastical innovations which his father had introduced during his reign, was passed in spite of a strenuous opposition on the part of many members of the Scottish Parliament—a plain indication that the king had some other ends in view in the measures which he succeeded in carrying through affecting the Church, than the mere comfort and well-being of the community, else he would surely have foregone a point of such trifling moment, in accordance with the feelings of the nation, expressed by a large and independent minority (if *minority* it was *) of their legislators. Accordingly, it was soon made apparent what the king's designs really were; and that all he had at this time accomplished was but the feeble commencement of his enterprise—the mere προγυμνασματα, as it were, that preluded his more deadly onset. On his return to London, 'guided,' to use Mr. Napier's words, 'by the policy of Laud, Charles at length determined to effect the long-meditated scheme 'of ecclesiastical uniformity throughout his dominions.'—Vol. i. p. 131. First came the Book of Canons, enacting many things highly offensive to the religious feelings and detrimental to the civil immunities of the nation, and which was promulgated (in the year 1636) under the sanction of the royal prerogative alone; the concurrence of the constituted authorities of the Scottish Church having, contrary to all precedent and law, been not so much as asked. Hardly had the first burst of popular indignation to which this rash step gave rise, found vent, when it was followed up by one still more calculated to irritate the minds of the nation, and goad them on to deeds of violent resistance. This was the appointment, by royal authority, of a new liturgy to be

* This is still a doubtful point. Burnet asserts, that 'almost the whole Commons voted in the negative, so that the Act was indeed rejected by the majority, which the king knew, for he had called for a list of the members, and with his own pen had marked every man's vote; yet the clerk of the register, who gathers and declares the votes, said it was carried in the affirmative. The Earl of Rothes affirmed it went in the negative. So the king said the Clerk of Register's declaration must be held good, unless the Earl of Rothes would go to the bar and accuse him of falsifying the record of Parliament, which was capital; and in that case, if he should fail in the proof, he was liable to the same punishment, so he would not venture on that.' Mr. Napier argues against this explicit testimony with all the zeal of a keen and able lawyer, but he does not, in our opinion, materially shake the evidence of Burnet. There can be no doubt that Burnet only repeats what was matter of public talk at the time it happened, and it is not very probable that this would have been the case had there been no truth in the report, as there were so many who could have disproved it. Besides, it is little in the king's favour, that he should have sought to shelter his Clerk Registrar under the terrors of a barbarous law, instead of following the obvious expedient of repeating the vote. Few men in Rothes's circumstances would have perilled their heads upon such a 'venture.'

used in all the churches, the joint production of the Bishops of Ross and Dunblane, under the direction of Laud. The model on which this was formed, was the English Book of Common Prayer; but so many alterations were introduced, chiefly through the influence of Laud, upon that model, that a work much more Popish in its character, and pernicious in its tendency was the result. A proceeding more repugnant to Scottish feeling at that time, than the compulsory introduction of such a book into the order of public worship, can hardly be conceived. But Charles, urged on by that dark spirit which then ruled his ecclesiastical councils, and whom an eloquent writer has not inaptly described as 'a lower kind of Saint Dominic—differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition, as we might imagine the familiar imp of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness'—determined to run all risks in favour of his cherished scheme of uniformity. Every warning was disregarded by him; every entreaty to waive his mad pretensions scouted as an insult. In vain the nation remonstrated; in vain his most valuable and prudent counsellors exhorted him to desist; in vain the majority even of the Scottish bishops themselves implored him to proceed with greater deliberation. The king was obstinate; and accordingly, after some unavoidable delay, the order was made imperative, that on the 23rd of July, 1637, the liturgy should be used in all the churches. The attempt to carry this into effect was the signal for an universal and overwhelming outbreak of the long pent up fury of the nation. The mass of the clergy refused to use the obnoxious book, and those of them who ventured to read it were with few exceptions, unable to proceed from the violent opposition which they encountered from their audiences. In Edinburgh, scenes of disgraceful tumult were repeated with each new attempt to proceed with the reading of the liturgy; and it was with difficulty that some of the conforming clergy escaped with their lives. A paroxysm of wrath and zeal had seized all classes of the community. Petitions and remonstrances of every kind were poured in upon the Council from all parts of the kingdom. The people assembled in various places in large masses, and in not a few cases gave way to proceedings of a very tumultuous character in their ardour against the obnoxious innovations. This led to the formation, in the early part of 1638, of a sort of representative council of the nation, consisting of four 'Tables,' as they were called, each of which represented one of the four great classes into which the community was supposed to be divided—the nobility, the gentry, the clergy, and the burghers. By this body

* Edin. Review, vol. liv. p. 321.

the public feeling was concentrated and directed ; measures were concocted and regulations issued by it with all the authority of law ; until it gradually superseded in effect the entire government and legislature of the country. Such were the first results of what Mr. Napier calls, Charles's 'rational and praiseworthy 'scheme of uniformity in the Protestant worship of the kingdom;' but which may be more justly designated his insane and impious attempt to trample upon the rights of conscience, and invade the prerogative of the Almighty.

Mr. Napier would fain make it out that all this excitement and hostility to the liturgy, was the result of strenuous and factious agitation on the part of the clergy, and what he calls 'the Rothes 'and Balmerino faction,'—in other words, the disaffected nobility and gentry, whom Charles had offended by his measures respecting the settlement of the tithes. He repeatedly insinuates that a design existed on the part of this faction, to deprive Charles of his hereditary crown in Scotland, and to restore to that country its ancient dignity, by placing the sceptre in the hands of a resident as well as a native prince. As the most likely means of success in this design, he supposes that they prevailed upon the ministers, who, according to his account, were generally speaking a set of ignorant hot-headed bigots, to use their influence with the people against the king, by insinuating or asserting, that the latter was aiming at nothing less than the re-establishment of Popery in all its former power ; and the ministers being, as he affirms, quite as factious as the nobility, went cheerfully into the scheme, and chiefly through their influence over the weaker sex, raised a popular prejudice against the king and the bishops, which expressed itself in the first instance by the tumults that occurred in the cathedral of Edinburgh, and was afterwards carefully fomented into a cause of implacable discord throughout the kingdom. This theory hangs so loosely together, and is dependant upon so many mere suppositions, that it is hardly worth while deliberately to set about refuting it. Where, we may be permitted to ask, is the evidence that any such design as that attributed by Mr. Napier to the insurgent nobility, at this time really existed ? or, supposing that it did exist, is it at all credible that it should have been so readily espoused by the clergy ? The latter were, generally speaking, attached to Charles ; and their attachment must have been naturally not a little increased by the very measures which had so grievously offended the nobility, inasmuch as they were direct gainers by those measures. Nor were they such illiterate and semi-civilized barbarians, as Mr. Napier, repeating the unfounded calumnies of his party, affirms that they were. Measured, indeed, by the standard of a Walton, a Taylor, or a Barrow, they must be pronounced deficient in learning, in eloquence, in richness of language, and comprehensiveness of

thought; but of how many hundreds in the very church of which these men were the ornaments, may not the same thing be affirmed? or who that knows any thing of the history of the times would so much as think of applying such a standard to the Scottish clergy of that day? Opportunities of acquiring large stores of literature, or of cultivating to a great extent powers of graceful or elaborate disquisition, were but sparingly furnished at that time to candidates for the sacred office in Scotland. Nor was the temper of the times favourable to the indulgence of that quiet plodding and academic repose by which the great divines of the English church amassed their treasures and nurtured their faculties. The public mind was unsettled; questions of mighty moment, both in theology and in politics, were under general discussion; interests of the deepest value were at stake. It was a time for decision, not for contemplation; for the energetic use of what a man had, not for the quiet and composed amassing of resources, which however valuable in themselves, their possessor might never have any occasion to call forth. Such learning and eloquence as times like these require—the learning that fits for rapidly taking a firm and discriminating grasp of a complicated question, and the eloquence that is adapted to guide the opinions and sway the feelings of a people deeply in earnest, the Scottish clergy at that time sufficiently possessed. In all matters of scholastic and controversial theology, they were accurately, if not profoundly, versed; of the original languages of the Scriptures they all knew something, and of some it might be justly said, that they were learned in those tongues; with points connected with the civil law, or with ecclesiastical and general politics, they were more than conversant; and their eloquence, though neither of the most refined nor of the most elevated order, was of that vehement, compact, and business-like character which is best suited to affect a people, shrewd, determined, and impassioned, like those to whom it was addressed.* That such men could, as a body, have been cajoled by a set of revolutionary nobles is not to be supposed for a moment; still less can we suppose them to have sided with those men from sinister and factious motives. Had they adopted this latter course, they would have been, in a temporal point of view,

* It is doing Mr. Napier no injustice to prefer, in a question respecting pulpit oratory, the opinion of such a man as Dr. Mc Crie to his. 'We have read,' says that eminent man, 'not one, but a number of sermons preached by Henderson, Gillespie, and Baillie, and we are sure we do not go too far when we say, that they may bear a comparison with any sermon at that time delivered in London; and that they might have been heard, and indeed were heard, by the most refined members of Parliament of England, without the slightest feeling of disgust or ridicule.'—*Review of Tales of My Landlord, in the Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, for 1817, p. 175.

deeply and insanely injuring themselves. What had they to gain by such a course, supposing it successful? If they sought worldly honour and wealth, the surer, the safer, and the shorter path was to have sided with Charles, and have lent the weight of their influence to his schemes. There were some of the clerical leaders in this movement—Henderson, for instance—whom the king and Laud would have purchased at any price. Had they given in to the royal scheme—had they consented to acknowledge their temporal sovereign as their ecclesiastical head—had they, in opposition to their conscientious convictions, assumed the sacerdotal robes, and engaged to observe what they justly deemed the unscriptural and deceptive ritual of the Episcopal Church—and had they used their vast influence with the community to induce them to remain quiet under those changes, and to receive as inoffensive and scriptural the principles which they involved; there can be no doubt that their unprincipled conformity would have been rewarded by a shower of benefits from the gratified monarch. It is inconceivable how, had they been such self-seeking, evil-minded men as Mr. Napier says they were, they should have foregone all the advantages which were thus spread before them, for the uncertain chance of bettering their condition by a civil war. The supposition is monstrous, and carries its own refutation on its front. Nor will any theory serve to account for their conduct, on the ordinary principles of human nature, which denies the validity of that plea which they themselves urged, when they rested their defence upon the obligation under which God had laid them to prefer truth to emolument, and to obey him rather than man.

As to the charge of being agitators, it is not to be denied, that the ministers made the utmost use of their influence with the people for the purpose of exciting them against the measures of the king, and that some of them forgot, in the excess of their zeal, what was altogether due to the sacredness of their office. At the same time, it is to be borne in mind, that their position was somewhat peculiar, and greatly different from that of a clergyman in the present day. Of them may be said, what Lord Brougham has said of the orators of ancient Greece: each was for his own district ‘the parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet, the volume all in one.’* To them the people looked for information and advice in regard to all their affairs, both public and private, temporal and spiritual. They were thus constrained at times to transgress the strict limit of

* Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients, appended to the fourth volume of his Speeches, p. 380.

official duty, and meddle with matters that did not altogether belong to them. On the occasion in question, however, it is to be kept in view, that they felt themselves called upon to act as they did, in consequence of the danger with which the spiritual well-being of the people seemed to them to be threatened. They felt that principles of deep and awful moment were at stake, and were convinced that the proposed innovations were fraught with evil to the best interests, temporal and eternal, of the people. As faithful shepherds it behoved them to warn their flock of the impending danger; as vigilant watchmen it was required of them to sound the alarm when they saw the enemy preparing to approach. Ready themselves to endure every thing rather than relinquish their principles, they felt it incumbent to rouse their followers to the same pitch of conscientious and holy determination. And in following out this course, Mr. Napier may rest assured, they went to work after a very different fashion from what he supposes. They were not the men to aim at accomplishing their designs by working upon the fears or the feelings of the weaker sex. It is in a very different quarter that he must look for the sleek and soft-tongued parsons, who 'familiar with a round 'of ladyships,' act the part of drawing-room agitators, and seek, by working upon the nerves or the bigotry of their female disciples, to raise an excitement, which may be turned to good account in favour of the continually and much endangered 'Church.' The clergy of the Covenant were *men*, every inch of them. They scorned to ply the distaff, when the circumstances of their country called upon them to wield the mace. Confident in the rectitude of their principles and the honesty of their intentions, they came boldly before their countrymen, and spoke their minds in open day. Hence the real secret of the depth and permanence of their influence over the movements of their party. Nothing appears to us more preposterous than to attribute this to their hold upon the women. It is true that the Scottish females of that period took a deep interest in public affairs, and it is no less true, that it was among them that open resistance to the use of the liturgy in the churches first broke out; but had there been no more powerful element at work upon the minds of the male part of the population than what arose from their influence, we may rest assured the matter had never come to the issue of a civil war. Does Mr. Napier himself believe, or does he expect any man of sense to believe, that the riotous proceedings of Jenny Geddes and her assistant 'serving wenches,' were the real commencement of the mighty conflict in which the nation was soon after involved with its rulers? What! because an old woman lost her temper in church, and imperilled the life of the officiating clergymen by flinging her stool at his head, and because a few scores of persons of her own sex and class seconded her fury by 'voices and missiles,'

are we to be told that a whole nation, hastily espousing her quarrel, would take up arms against their sovereign, and carry on a long, a bloody, and an expensive war in defence of a cause to which they were seduced only by the skill with which a few crafty nobles and intriguing clergymen 'improved' the feminine tumult? Had Mr. Napier perused the page of human nature with half the diligence which he has bestowed upon the worm-eaten records of former times, he would have learned that it is not by such sudden and intemperate outbursts of individual wrath that the peace of nations is broken, and the stability of thrones endangered. Emotions that are so easily excited into unseasonable fervour, lie too near the surface, and have too little hold upon the moral and intellectual energies of the people, to be sufficient for the parentage of mighty revolutions. Where a single spark kindles a devastating flame, the materials for the conflagration must have been previously collected; where the 'lenis susur-rus' of a local tumult stirs a kingdom into rebellion we may rest assured that the minds of the people have been previously unsettled by the criminality or folly of their rulers. Had the unseemly conduct of the women on the occasion referred to, been called forth by nothing but their own excited feelings, their wrath would have cooled with the ducking of the first scold whom the magistrates might have doomed to that once approved and appropriate punishment. But vehement as their indignation was, it was not from it that danger to the commonwealth was to be apprehended. It was in the pallid sternness, the compressed lips, the knit brows, the gloomy silence of the dark-visaged mass that partly in indifference, partly in displeasure, looked on whilst the fury of the women was expending itself in noisy outrage, that the signs of the impending storm were to be descried. The outrage which had been committed upon the most cherished rights of the nation, had kindled a deep and moody resentment which the excesses of a mob could neither express nor satisfy.

It was whilst this excitement was rising to its height, that Montrose arrived in Edinburgh. His name appears for the first time in connexion with the famous convention of November, 1637, out of which the Institution of the Tables, already referred to, arose. His appearing on this occasion among the ranks of the disaffected party, has been usually attributed to a feeling of mortified pride in consequence of the treatment he had received from the king in London; but when we consider that it was not until some considerable time after his arrival in Scotland, that he joined the Covenanting party, and that at no period of his connexion with them, did his conduct betray any of that rancorous partisanship which commonly characterizes the man who adopts a side in a great national conflict from motives of mere personal offence, the soundness of this opinion may well be questioned. Mr. Napier

attributes Montrose's adduction to his mind having been worked upon by the craft of Lord Rothes and the clergy, quoting as his authority the words of Baillie—'the canniness of Rothes brought 'in Montrose to our party'—and a MS. deposition by Robert Murray, minister of Methven, taken in 1641, in which Montrose is introduced as affirming that Murray was 'an instrument in 'bringing him to this cause.' It is quite possible, however, that both Rothes and Murray may have 'dealt with' Montrose, as the phrase went, without either of them practising any deceit upon his mind. There is nothing to forbid the supposition that he agreed with his former guardian, Lord Napier, in the opinions which led that nobleman, along with many others of the same moderate and rational views, to espouse the side of the people against the bishops; and though some management might be necessary to induce him to commit himself to active measures, it is quite possible, and from all we know of his character and subsequent career, extremely probable, that he did not take that step without a full conviction of its necessity, and a clear understanding in his own mind how far he was prepared to go in the course on which he had thus entered.

Once committed, the ardour of his temperament and the daring character of his genius, led him to pursue with unhesitating vigour those measures which appeared conducive to the interests of the cause he had espoused. At the convention above mentioned, he was named, along with Lords Rothes, Loudon, and Lindsay, to represent the nobility of Scotland in the Committee of Tables; and in this capacity he was accessary to the composition of, as he was among the first to affix his bold and masculine signature to, that memorable paper 'the Solemn League and Covenant.' This document was drawn up by Henderson, minister of Leuchars, and Johnstone, of Warriston, by order of the Tables, after a very decided instance of Charles's perfidy and obstinate determination to enforce his ecclesiastical innovations. It was framed upon the model of the 'Bands,' as they were called, into which from very ancient times the Scotch had been in the habit of entering for mutual support and defence in seasons of peril. One of these, which had been framed at the time of the Reformation, and had been adopted as the National Confession of Faith, was selected by the Covenanters as the basis on which their document was to be formed; or rather was reissued by them, with the addition of a single clause to the effect that all persons signing it were obliged to defend each other 'against all sorts of persons whatsoever.' The addition of this clause has drawn down upon them the charge of duplicity as well as rebellion; inasmuch as, it is said, they issued the document as a simple copy of the former Confession, whereas it contained a clause pledging all who signed it to stand by each other against any and every opponent, not even excepting the

sovereign himself. The charge of duplicity has been very generally admitted against them by historians, and among the rest by Dr. Cook, who usually stands forth as their defender;* but as it appears to us with glaring injustice, for in the preamble to the bond, after reciting the different occasions on which this Confession had been signed, they proceed to say, 'and now subscribed by us noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burgesses, ministers, and commons under subscribing, *together with our resolutions and promises, for the causes after specified*, to maintain the said true religion, and the King's Majesty according to the Confession aforesaid and Acts of Parliament.'† Nothing appears to us more certain than that by the words we have printed in italics, the editors of the Covenant intended to intimate that the document, as issued by them, contained something *new*—something both in the shape of *resolution* and of *complaint*, which did not pertain to the document as formerly signed. As to the charge of rebellion, it is to be observed, in the first place, that it is by no means clear that the clause in question was intended to pledge those who signed it to take up arms against the king. The phrase 'all sorts of persons whatsoever,' is certainly sufficiently general; but when it is remembered, that both in the preamble and in the body of the document it is distinctly affirmed, that the objects for which the mutual bond was given were conjointly the maintenance 'of true religion, *and of the King's Majesty*,' it seems but fair to conclude that it was not intended that the sovereign should be included amongst the number of those against whom the subscribers pledged themselves to defend each other. But, further, even supposing that resistance to the sovereign was distinctly contemplated on the part of those who issued this document, of what crime were the leaders of the Scottish nation guilty in so acting, under the circumstances in which their country was at that time placed? The principle on which Dr. Cook rests their defence is one which no man in the present day surely will venture to question, viz., 'that when the ends for which all government should be instituted are defeated, the oppressed have a clear right to disregard customary forms, and to assert the privileges without which they would be condemned to the degradation and wretchedness of despotism.'‡ To this Mr. Napier has nothing to oppose but his old assertion that the Covenanters were a mere restless and unprincipled faction. But if they were only a faction, where, we ask, was the nation? The statements

* History of the Church of Scotland, ii. 416.

† See the whole document in Peterkin's *Records of the Kirk of Scotland* (p. 9), a work now in course of publication, and which promises to be of great use to the student of Scottish Ecclesiastical History.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 415.

of Mr. Napier's own book amply confute his assertion ; witness the account he has given of the rapturous and universal signing of the Covenant, from the MSS. of the Episcopal parson of Rotheimay, vol. i. pp. 151—157. That a document which was subscribed by nearly all the inhabitants of the metropolis, 'every one contesting who might be first;' which all the nobility, gentry, and clergy who were present at Edinburgh at the time it was issued, subscribed and swore to; which, as it passed through the country, was signed by myriads, of whom 'many subscribed with tears on their cheeks,' while others 'did draw their own blood, and used it in place of ink to underwrite their names;' and to speak for which was on the part of a clergyman such a passport to popularity, 'that no church could contain his hearers,' and some 'kept their seats from Friday till Sunday to get the communion given them sitting;'—that such a document should speak the language of a mere faction with whom the nation at large had no sympathy, is an assertion which nothing but the blindest spirit of faction could tempt any man to hazard. If ever a nation were unanimous in the adoption of any measure for the purpose of securing from its governors those immunities of which no ruler is entitled to deprive his subjects, it was the Scottish nation at the period referred to; and in such a case had the leaders of the Covenanters even formally proposed to levy war upon the sovereign in case of his attempting to break their league or frustrate their just designs, they had done nothing inconsistent with those relations which subsist in every free state between the ruler and his subjects. We are still, however, of opinion, that no such step was so much as contemplated by the Covenanters at the time when their bond was drawn up. The enemies against whom they sought to protect at once their own rights and those of the throne, were the bishops and the pope, and it was not until they saw Charles madly bent upon identifying himself with these, that they felt constrained to appear in arms against him. The grand object of their enterprise was the protection of their civil and religious immunities; their war with their sovereign was a mere accident arising out of his pertinacious defence of measures by which these were endangered. The Covenanters were not republicans; they had no sympathy whatever with the anti-monarchical party in England; they were, on the contrary, enthusiastically attached to the monarchical form of government, as subsequent events prove; and if in struggling for their rights, circumstances threw them into collision with their sovereign, their maintenance of such a conflict can be traced only to their preference of principles to persons, and their anxiety to support the real interests of the throne, even at the expense of the most cherished prejudices of the individual by whom it was occupied.

The covenant was, for the first time, sworn at Edinburgh, on the 28th of February, 1638, in the presence of an immense concourse of people of all ranks, and both sexes. 'It was the day,' says Henderson, 'of the Lord's power, wherein we saw his people 'most willingly offer themselves in multitudes to the service 'of heaven, like the dew-drops of the morning; this was, indeed, 'the great day of Israel, wherein the arm of the Lord was revealed; the day of the Redeemer's strength on which the princes 'of the people assembled to swear their allegiance to the King of 'kings.'* From that day forward, for the space of half a century, this document became the banner round which the greater part of the Scottish nation rallied in their struggles for those rights which they deemed better than life; and it was only when these rights were secured at the Revolution, that it ceased to be unfurled, and was placed in that venerable repository where it now rests as the most precious among the cherished *κειμηλια* of the Scottish Kirk. For some months after its promulgation, both parties were actively occupied in furthering their respective interests: the Covenanters in rousing the country, and the king in endeavouring to overreach and out-manceuvre them by pretended schemes of concession and compromise. So well, however, were the plans of the former laid and executed, that Charles was ultimately constrained, in real earnest, to give in to the wishes of the nation, so far, at least, as to issue, on the 15th of August, two edicts; the one summoning a general assembly of the kirk, to be held at Glasgow in the following November, and the other summoning a Parliament to be held at Edinburgh, in May of the subsequent year; at the same time 'discharging the use of the 'Service Book, Books of Canons, High Commission, and Articles 'of the Perth Assembly; ordaining free entry to ministers; and 'subjecting the Bishops to the jurisdiction of the General Assembly.'† Unfortunately, this concession, like all concessions made too late and reluctantly to the claims of justice, served only to confirm the people of Scotland in a conviction of their own power, without removing any of that unfavorable feeling with which they had begun to regard the king. The remark of Baillie upon the subject is as just as it is pithy: 'It has been the king's perpetual fault to grant his people's desires by bits, and so late he ever lost his thanks.'

The Assembly thus convened was the famous Assembly of 1638, to which the Scottish Kirk looks back as the æra of its second and better reformation, and which certain zealots in that body

* Aiton's *Life and Times of Henderson*, p. 257.

† Peterkin's *Records*, p. 14.

have been recently commemorating with a fervour and a fury which have astounded many and grieved more of the pious inhabitants of these realms. We very much question if all this enthusiastic admiration be justly due to the proceedings of this memorable convention. It was, to say the least of it, a very disorderly meeting, and bore a resemblance to any thing rather than to a body of Christian men met to deliberate upon the affairs of Christ's church. So violent and unconstitutional were their proceedings, that the Duke of Hamilton, who occupied the place of Royal Commissioner in the Assembly, was constrained, on the ninth day of their session, to command them to dissolve their meeting; and, on their refusing obedience, he vacated his seat, and left the place. This rendered any further proceedings on their part illegal; but disregarding all consequences, they continued to sit till the 20th of December, when they dissolved, after asserting their right to meet again, independently of the royal permission. Subsequently to the departure of the Commissioner, the covenanting party carried every thing their own way, with hardly any opposition. The spirit in which they acted was of the most intolerant character. Every person who was known to be in any way unfavorable to Presbyterian Church Polity, or to Calvinistic doctrine, was deposed from office and excommunicated; whilst on the heads of the obnoxious bishops the full weight of the Assembly's wrath was thrown. In judging, however, of the conduct of the dominant party in this Assembly, it must not be forgotten, that they had much to exasperate them; that they met under all the excitement consequent upon having wrested what they deemed a sacred privilege from an unwilling monarch; that the evils characterizing their proceedings are incident, in a greater or less degree, to all conventions of a politico-ecclesiastical character; and that they lived at a time when, however zealous men might be for the freedom of their own consciences, and the integrity of their own communion, the idea of granting toleration to others was not only not entertained, but was strenuously repudiated as sinful by almost every religious sect. Let it also be borne in mind, that though many of their proceedings were such as we cannot but condemn, the noble stand which they made on this occasion for their principles, not only prevented the land from being overrun with popery and priestcraft; but, at the same time, sowed in the public mind the seeds of truths which have grown up into a rich harvest of civil and religious privilege, and from which a still more glorious increase may be expected in the ultimate emancipation of the church from all those degrading fetters with which her connexion with the state has bound her.

At this Assembly, Montrose, who from the first promulgation of the Covenant had been actively engaged in furthering the

cause of which it was the symbol, took a prominent part in the proceedings, but with a bluntness and openness that belonged rather to the camp than to the senate, and which, subsequently, drew from Baillie the naïve complaint, that 'they found his more 'than ordinary and evil pride, very hard to be guided.' He was, notwithstanding, entrusted with the conduct of the military operations, which the Covenanters found it necessary to commence against Huntly, who had been appointed Royal Lieutenant for the North of Scotland, and who, with other chiefs in that quarter, had commenced operations with much vigour. In this campaign, partly through the skill and activity of Montrose; partly, also, through neglect, if not treachery on the part of Hamilton, who had engaged to furnish the supplies necessary for enabling Huntly to maintain the conflict, the arms of the Covenanters were everywhere victorious; so that, by the middle of 1639, the whole country may be said to have been in their hands. The treaty of Berwick, in June of that year, put a temporary stop to these warlike proceedings, and finally terminated Montrose's connexion with the Covenanting army.

The change of sides which Montrose made soon after this event, has drawn down upon him the deep censure of the Presbyterian historians, and has affixed the degrading title of deserter to his name. The facts connected with this step have been investigated by Mr. Napier with anxious care; and, we are bound to say, that the result, as exhibited in the pages of his work, has been to place the conduct of Montrose in a light which, if it does not exhibit him as altogether immaculate, at least shows that he was actuated by much higher principles on this occasion than those hitherto ascribed to him. The ordinary hypothesis on this subject is, that when Montrose met the king at Berwick, on the occasion of Charles's summoning, a few days after the treaty had been struck, fourteen of the Covenanting leaders to his court, to arrange his progress to Scotland, where he meant to hold an Assembly and Parliament in person—a summons which only Montrose, Rothes, and Lothian thought fit to obey;—the king, repenting of his former discourteousness, and convinced of the importance of securing, for his own side, the services of so able a soldier as Montrose, restored to that nobleman his royal favor; and so, as Mr. Brodie expresses it, 'seduced him from his party and principles.' To this cheap and gratuitous hypothesis Mr. Napier opposes one which, besides being much more in keeping with Montrose's previous career and known character, has the immense advantage of being supported by irrefragable documentary evidence. It is this: that Montrose had for some time been disgusted with the violent proceedings of the Covenanters; that he had, moreover, found that their leaders were aiming at measures, to which he never had given, and never could give, his consent;

and the effect of which would have been, in his opinion, to have interfered with the legitimate prerogative of the sovereign; that intelligence had even been conveyed to him of Argyle's having mooted the dethroning of the king in Scotland, with the design, as was inferred, of ascending to his place; that, alarmed by these proceedings, he and several others of the more moderate Presbyterians, entered into a bond for the defence of the constitution, and to secure the great purposes for which they had united in signing and supporting the Covenant; that having despatched letters to the king containing advice as to the state of things in Scotland, and copies of these having been surreptitiously obtained, the Covenanting leaders seized Montrose and his friends, committed them to prison, and proceeded against them with the utmost rigor and injustice; and that, in consequence of all this, Montrose became entirely alienated from their party, and, after being released from his long imprisonment, went over, on the resumption of hostilities, to the side of the king, to which he remained attached till his death. The evidence in favor of this theory of Montrose's conduct, is stated by Mr. Napier with great fulness, and with all the skill of an advocate. He clearly shows that, for a considerable while before the treaty of Berwick, Montrose and the Covenanters had begun to discover that they were not quite of the same mind on many points necessarily involved in the enterprise in which they were engaged; that if there was not a direct intention on the part of Argyle and his friends to dethrone the king, Montrose had good reason, from what was told him, to suppose there was; that whilst his communications with the king contained nothing but sound and wholesome advice, such as it was unquestionably Montrose's privilege to offer to his Majesty, and such as no king could be the worse for receiving, the anxiety of Argyle and his party to fix a criminal accusation upon Montrose, indicates deep personal hatred, or a strong desire to get rid of a troublesome adherent; that Montrose was supported in all that he did in this matter by his former guardian, Lord Napier, whose uprightness and prudence are above all question; and that, through the whole of the proceedings connected with the vexatious course pursued against him, he maintained that open, honest, and fearless demeanor which belonged to his character, and which is utterly incompatible with the meanness and duplicity of a traitor. The evidence adduced by Mr. Napier, in support of these assertions, is such as cannot, we think, be resisted. Nor is its importance confined to the favorable aspect which it gives to the conduct of Montrose on the occasion in question; it is also valuable for the light which it throws upon the mysterious event which is designated in all histories of the period by the somewhat ominous appellation of 'the Plot.' This plot, it turns out, was nothing more appalling

than the agreement of a few noblemen to advise their sovereign to measures of a firm but conciliatory kind, as the only policy by which the peace of his kingdom could be preserved, and to support him against all opposition should he follow their advice. It also furnishes a solution of what has hitherto been a sort of historical problem, viz. what prompted Charles's visit to Scotland, in 1641? Those historians who are favorable to the king, assert with D'Israeli, that his sudden resolution to visit the northern part of his dominions, arose from a desire to relieve his mind from the burden under which, after the execution of Strafford, and in consequence of his personal distresses, and the confusion in his councils, it was oppressed; while those who are opposed to him incline to the theory of Brodie, who tells us that his journey was 'a dark project to strengthen an unprincipled violent faction 'in Scotland.' The real cause, however, it now appears from the evidence adduced by Mr. Napier, was a letter from Lord Napier to the king, in which that nobleman urged the immediate presence of his Majesty in Scotland as the only remedy for that 'mighty distemper' with which his 'antient and native kingdom 'of Scotland' was at that time, in Napier's opinion, infected. This is confirmed by the circumstance that Argyle and his party joined with the Commons of England in putting every obstacle in the way of the king's intention; and, by the fact, that the policy pursued by Charles, during this visit, was exactly such as the letter of Napier recommends.

The king arrived at Edinburgh on Saturday, the 14th of August; where he found his advisers Napier, Montrose, and others of their party in prison under a charge of perjury and leasing-making; the latter a species of crime now happily unknown to the Statute books of any part of this kingdom. In the parliament which was summoned on the king's arrival, Argyle reigned supreme, and had address and power enough, not only to keep 'the plotters,' as Montrose and his friends were called, in prison, but also to make the setting aside of their petition for justice look as if it had the approbation of the king as well as of the legislature. As the session of parliament was drawing to a close, an event occurred which threw the whole into confusion, and prevented that settlement of the public affairs to which their deliberations appeared to be tending. This was that hitherto unexplained occurrence which has received, what Godwin justly calls, 'the enigmatical appellation of the incident.' Brodie attributes this appellation to 'its unexpected nature;' but we are rather inclined with Mr. Napier to say, that 'it was from its baseless nature that it obtained this denomination.' In consequence of a rash and very confused statement of Clarendon, the version of this story most commonly given is, that Montrose made an offer to Charles to assassinate Hamilton and Argyle, which the king rejected with indignation; that Montrose, nevertheless, per-

sisted in his design, and was frustrated only by these noblemen getting knowledge of it, and suddenly leaving the city for their own houses where they stood on their defence. The absurdity of this story, as given by Clarendon, was pointed out by Hume, who remarks, that 'all the time the king was in Scotland, Montrose 'was confined to prison,' and, consequently, was physically incapable of making any such proposal to the king, far more of executing it. Laing and Brodie have given modifications of the story, which avoid the absurdity attaching to the statement of Clarendon only by engrafting upon it certain supplements which are utterly without foundation in fact. Mr. Napier's reasonings appear to us quite conclusive as to the perfect impossibility, under the circumstances in which Montrose was at that time placed, of his having acted any such part as this story attributes to him. He has not, however, succeeded in removing the whole of that obscurity which attaches to the history of the incident. His researches have thrown deep suspicion upon the motives of Argyle, and will tend very much to deepen the shadows that already darken the character of that wily politician. There can be no doubt that, in the scramble for offices which took place at this time, Argyle's ambition was deeply mortified by his missing, through the king's firmness, the office of Chancellor, on which he had set his heart. It is equally true that, while the king urged an investigation into the matter of the incident, Hamilton and Argyle did all in their power to prevent any judicial inquiry taking place; which looks as if they were afraid of something sinister on their part being brought to light. All this renders it probable that the object of their flight, and of the reason which they assigned for it, viz. their dread of assassination from *some person* connected with the king, was the embroiling of the king in fresh difficulties, and the perpetuation of a state of things which they found to be of advantage to their own designs. But whilst this conclusion is at best only conjectural, it still leaves the transaction involved in considerable obscurity, especially as respects the motives which dictated the particular expedient to which these noblemen resorted in order to compass their designs.

On the 18th of August the king left Edinburgh on his return to England, but not before he had secured the liberation of Montrose and his friends. A short period of retirement in the bosom of his family, succeeded the stormy scenes through which that nobleman had passed, and gave him opportunity for devising schemes for the guidance of his conduct in the still more stormy period on which he was about to enter. From this time his career is identified with that of Charles, though it was not till the spring of 1644, when he was appointed under Prince Maurice, Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces in Scotland, that he commenced

active measures on the king's behalf. Through the brilliant though fiery course which after this he pursued, Mr. Napier follows him with a fond and admiring minuteness; but the only part of his details to which we can at present advert, is that which relates to the cruelties which Montrose is said to have practised on his enemies, and especially on the defenceless inhabitants of those districts which he overran. On this subject Mr. Napier corrects one very important misconception of previous historians, by showing that the passage in Spalding's narrative, on which the latter part of the charge almost exclusively rests, does not refer to Montrose at all, but to the Earl Marischall, with whom he was contending. The passage referred to occurs in Spalding's account of the Siege of Dunnottar Castle, the seat of Marischall, and the burning of the adjoining towns of Stonehaven and Cowie by Montrose, and is as follows: 'It is said that the people of Stonehaven and Cowie came out, man and woman, children at thair foot, and children in thair armes crying, houlling and weeping, praying the Erll for God's cause to saif them from this fyre, howsone it was kendlit. Bot the poor people got no answer, nor knew they qwhair to go with thair children.' Brodie adduces this as 'a proof of inexcusable cruelty in Montrose, scarcely credible of one in civilized life;' and Godwin and Laing have fallen into the same mistake. It is somewhat strange that these authors should have forgotten that, at the time referred to, Montrose was not an *Earl*, but a *Marquis*, under which title Spalding speaks of him in the immediate context of the passage quoted. 'The obvious meaning of the anecdote,' as Mr. Napier remarks, 'is that the poor people looked to the Earl Marischall to save them from the fire, either by acceding to Montrose's summons, or by admitting them within his extensive fortifications.' So much for the only precise fact that has been hitherto adduced in proof of Montrose's 'inexorable cruelty' to the defenceless peasantry of the districts through which he passed! As respects his conduct on the field of battle, and against his armed opponents, Mr. Napier does not deny that it was marked by unsparing severity; but as the object of fighting is to destroy one's enemies, we do not very well see how, on the supposition that war is lawful, the extent to which a general carries this is to be urged against him as a crime, so long as nothing is perpetrated inconsistent with the rules of civilized warfare. Where victory is to be obtained only by the shedding human blood, it is absurd to commend a general for his victories, and then blame him for killing so many men in order to obtain them.

We are no great enthusiasts, either for Montrose or for the cause for which he struggled; but we confess it has been with a feeling of more than pleasure that we have entered into Mr. Napier's explanation of those parts of his public conduct which have hitherto cast so deep a shadow upon his memory. It is

refreshing to find, after a long lapse of years, that men are not always so bad as contemporary spite and party-spirit would make them; and that, if at one time it be the office of impartial history to pluck unmerited laurels from brows they have too long adorned, it is at another its more pleasing duty to disperse the clouds with which the breath of faction may have obscured the fair fame of the really noble and virtuous. There has always appeared to us something incongruous, and as it were, impossible, in the representations which have hitherto been given of Montrose. So strange a compound of valor and meanness; of chivalric enthusiasm and iron-hearted cruelty; of educated taste and brutal ferocity; of blunt honesty and detestable duplicity, as he has been depicted, we venture to affirm, is hardly compatible with the ordinary conditions of human nature. Mr. Napier has, at length, restored to the portrait its proper colours, and set it in a proper light. He has shown us that the conduct of his hero, even when most exposed to censure, was under the guidance of honorable, though it may be mistaken, principle; and that though, in the desperate enterprise in which his closing days were spent, he was necessarily the occasion of much bloodshed and suffering to his countrymen, he did not steel his heart against the call of humanity when the interests of that cause which he had espoused permitted him to listen to it, nor was he a stranger to that

‘ Mercy,

‘ That, like a sweet bird in the depth of oaks,

‘ Hath dwelling in heroic hearts.’

We do not go the length of affirming that the portrait as given by Mr. Napier is perfect in all its lineaments; but, unquestionably, to use a common phrase, it is greatly more *life-like* than any of the others we have seen.

Montrose maintained his gallant defence of his master's cause long after that master had himself fallen; nor did he relinquish his daring enterprise until his last hope was extinguished, and his last army cut to pieces. He then surrendered himself to Macleod, of Assint, a hungry highlander, who sold him to the Covenanters for four hundred bolls of meal. A brief trial, and a speedy execution followed. He was hanged upon a gibbet of the prodigious height of thirty feet; and his head was afterwards ‘fixed upon ‘the Tolbooth, with an iron cross over it, lest by any of his ‘friends it should have been taken down.’ His spirit and his confidence in the rectitude of his cause remained unbroken to the last. His final words were, ‘May God have mercy on this afflicted kingdom.’

Little more than ten years after the execution of Montrose, his great rival, the Marquis of Argyle, was beheaded on nearly the same spot, and his head was placed upon the same spike from which that of Montrose had been recently removed. He died

with less heroism than his antagonist, but with more of composure than might have been expected from his naturally timorous disposition. It would be unjust to doubt that the fortitude which he exhibited was derived from the source to which he himself ascribed it—faith in the atoning merits and promised grace of Christ. Whatever may have been the hypocrisy by which the commencement of his career was stained, there are many circumstances in the later years of his life which give us confidence in indulging the hope that he closed it with penitential sincerity, and humble faith. His conduct on the scaffold was such as he himself assured his friends it should be ‘not that of a Roman braving death, but that of a Christian, whom death could not affright.’

These days of bloodshed and disorder have, in the good providence of God, passed away, we trust for ever. But the history of them shall not have been written in vain if it serve to teach our rulers a lesson of the danger of invading the rights of conscience, and to impress upon men of all parties that it is only as equal civil and religious privileges are enjoyed by every class of the community, that the supremacy of law can be quietly maintained, and the peace and well-being of society at large secured.

Art. II. *New Zealand: being a Narrative of Travels and Adventures during a Residence in that Country between the years 1831 and 1837.* By J. S. POLACK, Esq., Member of the Colonial Society of London. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 844. Bentley. 1838.

IT would seem a little strange that our curiosity to know more of the human race, whether historically or geographically, should not be at all repressed by the certainty beforehand, and the often renewed experience of the fact, of our finding in the acquirement just so much additional manifestation of the depravity and wretchedness of that race.

Let a previously unknown, or very imperfectly known, section of it be clearly brought into view, and though it should appear under the most degraded aspect of human existence, exhibiting the most odious moral and intellectual deformities, accompanied by physical and economical circumstances the most repulsive to our taste, we nevertheless gladly receive the information, and thank the man whose adventures and researches have supplied it as a kind of benefactor. If there were to come to us a slight rumour of a tribe or nation, existing perhaps in the hitherto absolute *terra incognita* of Africa under or near the line, reported as more hideous in barbarism and turpitude than any yet known, we should be so much the more, for that peculiarity, eager to have them brought into our acquaintance. If an explorer had dared the peril of such a scene, and escaped to tell us what he had

beheld, we should demand from him a most full and particular report; and nothing would fret us more than if he should say, that there were some things which, for the credit of humanity, or even to save himself a probable imputation on his veracity, he judged it best to pass over in silence. We should want, of all things, to have a confidential personal communication with him, in order to get at those concealed treasures of knowledge.

In the indulgence of that passion (as it may almost be called) for geographical discovery which has distinguished the age, we never dream of the finding of any such thing as a region adorned and blessed with a decided prevalence of the virtues, and their accompaniments and consequences. We never expect to hear of man in any thing better than his old and general character—the ascendancy of evil over good. Whether the region heretofore unvisited be described to us as favoured with all the beauty and fertility that a benignant nature can lavish on it, or as rugged, frowning, and inhospitable,—if the describer should go on to say, that there is a moral beauty which rivals the one, or compensates for the other, he would instantly be told that he has miscalculated our credulity; and that, without advancing one league toward the distant scene of his investigation, we can virtually go thither and survey it in the strength of a principle which authorizes us to contradict him. The human race, we should tell him, has been too uniform in the manifestation of one great, sad, radical property of its nature, through all time and all the known world, to allow our belief of any such exception as a tribe from whose happy domain the vices and miseries are excluded or departing—unless, indeed, he means his report to testify that somewhere the millennium has commenced; and then we shall be apt to think that felicitous visitation can hardly have so missed its way as to alight on central Africa, perhaps, when it is so lamentably wanted in England.

Still we are inquisitive how this creature, man, is acting out his qualities in another, and another tract of the earth. The novelties in the manner will most likely be found to be but different modes of what is bad. We are philosophically content to expect no otherwise; but want to know them notwithstanding. And the age is past when the adventurers into distant and imperfectly known regions could presume to impose delusive representations on the people at home. Those of the present and recent times, a surprising number, and in rapid succession, have maintained, for the most part, a substantial adherence to truth. So that we have now the means of a real and accurate knowledge of what sort of people there are, and what they are doing, in tracts and corners of the world which, but a few generations since, lay under a cloud of mingled ignorance and fiction.

Perhaps the ascertainment of the reality has struck a kind of balance between the opposite licenses of fiction. If some fine

romantics have faded from sight on the one hand, some huge monstrosities have vanished on the other. The physical enormities, at least, are gone off; there are no more stories of human creatures shaped in fantastic and anomalous outrage on the authentic type; the men with tails, or dogs' heads, or the visage planted into the chest instead of being mounted on a neck, have long since been swept into the vast rubbish of the past. In the moral and intellectual part of the exhibition, indeed, it is to be acknowledged that the change has left, or brought into view, some phenomena which it did require testimony of well-tried validity to establish as an unquestioned part of our knowledge of the human species. At all events we now have truth instead of fable.

That knowledge is now so comprehensive, and includes so ample a variety of manifestations of the evil principle, that we may doubt whether there can remain any thing yet to be brought to light that will much surprise us, or put us in any fear of credulity in believing. Be almost whatever it may, in the way of error, perversity, degradation, iniquity, we are quite prepared to admit the probability that it may belong to the human nature. If there be one more feature of mental or moral deformity, it will be sure to be found associating consistently with some of the facts which have long ceased to be novelties in our survey and estimate of that nature.

There is this New Zealand section of the great family. A numerous succession of reporters, of various qualifications and tastes, may not have left us much to learn of them and their territory; but the present work appears to have good pretensions to be received as a more spirited and varied picture, from the very life, than perhaps any that has preceded. The author has passed many years among them, on a trading speculation, including the purchase of land, apparently on his own account; and in taking such a view of the places and inhabitants as should authorise a judgment on the possibilities, means, and advantages, of a commercial intercourse between them and our countrymen. He appears to be an active, adventurous, sharp-sighted, and adroit person; well furnished with that kind of serviceable philosophy which can look at the ugly sights in the human condition without being thrown into the horrors. He is, indeed, a little too apt to be gay and jocular sometimes, on what would move the graver feelings of a very reflective philanthropist. He associated habitually with the natives, saw them, of course, in most of the situations and transactions which would exemplify their character, conversed with them in their own language, seems to have been much in favour with them, and had the art of managing their capricious tempers. His adventures among them are related in an off-hand, sometimes very graphical style; often negligent and

incorrect in construction ; with a frequent pedantic affectation of sporting fine words, in parts of the composition that have nothing to do with the scientific nomenclature of plants and animals.

The reader takes an impression of veracity and reality, believing he sees the story go through the thing just as it was then and there. He is not incommoded by any nostrum-notion, which is to be the key of a theory to which every thing is to be referred. He sees in the descriptions and narrations such a picturesque freshness, such an immediateness, if we may so name it, to the subject, and such a particularity of detail, that he is confident the author is thinking of nothing but what he saw, heard, and did.

It is to be remarked as one disadvantage in such a mode of writing, that there can be no method, no digesting and classifying of the numerous particulars into order. The characteristic notices are scattered miscellaneously through the work ; and we are not sure there would always be found a nice consistency if they were all assorted and disposed in a systematic arrangement.

In observing what sort of people possess what portions of the earth, a curious speculator might find some amusement, and perhaps nothing better, in raising the questions—what relation or fitness there is, respectively, between them ; whether the right of continued occupancy have any dependence on such fitness ; what obligations, greater or less, they may be supposed to be laid under according to the quality of their local allotments ; how far it is the better or the worse for them that they are so located ; whether those to whom the less agreeable tracts of the world have been assigned have an adequate or partial compensation afforded by any of the circumstances or influences of those regions ; what would be the effect of a mutual exchange of habitations between tribes occupying domains widely different in physical character. Setting out of view the fact of how the various tribes actually obtained their present abodes in the natural progress of emigration, and considering their claims to portions of the globe as according to their qualities, we might be at a loss to discover the principle of equity in their distribution. Some barbarous tribes find a precarious subsistence in dreary deserts ; and others, not less barbarous, an easy one in domains of fertility, beauty, and luxury. We feel an uneasy sympathy with certain portions of the race, less vitiated than the general mass, whose lot is cast in climates where nature maintains a frowning austerity, and life is rather endured than enjoyed, on a tenure of hardship, an economy of toil, privation, and hazard—for instance Greenland, Iceland, Lapland, the Isles of Scotland, and some parts of Switzerland. Some of the temperate and salubrious regions, as China, are condemned to sustain an immense multitude of human creatures mentally dwarfed, cramped, bent down, and fixed, in stupified conformity to an irrational, inveterate, obdurate prescription, corroborated by superstition.

Or a fine realm elsewhere, as Spain, may be appropriated by a people whose semibarbarous fanaticism is virulent and sanguinary.

If we might give license to our imagination in such employment as apportioning the field of terrestrial nature to orders of inhabitants according to some rule of supposed worthiness, to what sort of people should we assign New Zealand? It appears to be an eminently fine and valuable fraction of the earth. By its extent in length, of nearly nine hundred miles, from north to south, it has a great variety of climates, distant enough at both extremities from latitudes unfavorable to activity, alacrity, and enjoyment. By its much smaller breadth the greater part is favoured with the mild influences of the vast ocean. It has harbours, streams, fertile tracts, beautiful valleys and hills, innumerable. Its variegated surface exhibits a splendid picture, where the sublimities have their share, in a range of snow-capped mountains, and grand precipices and promontories of the coast. It is a region which our fancied law of distribution would appropriate to some highly improved section of the human race, such a one as would most fully and worthily avail itself of a territory so favourable at once to the economical purposes of agriculture, arts, and commerce, and, as we should imagine, to the general development of the mental faculties.

Imagine, then, this splendid piece of *terra firma*, proudly rising above the boundless waste of waters—imagine it so occupied, so adorned, so honoured; and then turn to the exhibition before us; a region surrendered to the principle of evil; where every spot bears a blasted mark; where the presence of man is a dreadful infestation; where, as if they themselves thought so, the inhabitants have seemed intent on restoring the land to the solitude of its natural beauty by incessant mutual destruction; where a reversal of what would be the qualities of undepraved humanity glares forth in deceit, treachery, rapacity, cruelty, revenge, cannibalism; blended with whatever is disgusting in gluttony and filthiness, whatever is despicable in fickleness and cowardice, and whatever is ridiculous and absurd in conventional customs, and notions and mummery of superstition.

Before bringing us acquainted with his own experience and observations, our author, in a historic notice of the successive navigators who have made surveys or visits, recalls a series of characteristic facts and anecdotes, illustrative of New Zealand human nature; the circumstances most conspicuous in the record being the murderous collisions between the natives and the crews of European ships—the fault, indeed, not always being wholly with the former. He relates divers tragical affairs as consequent on a disregard of the warning, ‘Never trust a New Zealander,’ pronounced by Captain Cook, whose right judgment of the people Mr. P. strongly affirms. At the same time it is but justice to say that

the present adventurer had not, for himself, any violent cause to reproach them. For the most part they treated him like a gentleman. In his first recorded journey of local investigation he was accompanied by a considerable band of their young men, mostly sons of chiefs, who served him very effectually as guides, carriers, wood-cutters, and cooks, proud to form the suite of an European personage. There was an eager competition for the honour of bearing his worship, horsed on the back, through a stream or swamp, while every one of them would have disdained to perform this or any other servile office for an indigenous squire. He was generally received with marks of respect; had seldom any serious cause for apprehending danger; and on the whole seems to have been much at his ease among them. He made all good-humoured allowance for attempts at imposition, in cajoling promises, not meant to be fulfilled, in protestations of disinterested friendship, or in overrating the value of articles trafficked, or services rendered, or to be rendered. It is curious to see, sometimes, what they thought they could make the European gentleman believe; or at least thought it worth the trial. He had accepted the dirty hand of a celebrated old 'priest of Araitihuru, the Taniwoa, or aquatic 'deity of the headlands of a harbour;' who solemnly assured him that if such compliment had been declined, he would have raised such storms that the beach on which he was then travelling would have been impassable, the means of conveyance dashed in pieces, and a bitter repentance inflicted. And he pointed to a heavy surf, breaking on a bar two miles off, and declared it was by his potent restraint that it was kept raging at that safe distance, in spite of its being furiously actuated by the Taniwoa. The sham gravity with which the protégé returned thanks for this important service, would seem to have made the old rogue believe that his pretensions were admitted, for he capered with delight. But, 'nothing 'for nothing,' the reckoning came, and there was great difficulty to settle the account for so mighty a benefit with 'a head of 'tobacco.'

How the generic sentiment of religion has been perverted to all uses of cupidity, mischief, and farce! And in its depraved forms what a much more general and active interference it may have than is, for the most part, seen where the right notion of it is admitted, and it therefore claims the authority and influence of truth. The superstition of these islanders would seem as intrusively to interfere with and pervade the economy of life as that of the comparatively refined and intellectual Hindoos. It is rather a difficult problem how so lawless, fierce, and capricious a race can have come to yield themselves submissive to any thing that inflicts on them so many annoyances and arbitrary interdictions. It might have been imagined that whatever aptitude there might be in so rude a nature to be imposed on, there would still, in so wild

and rapacious a nature, have been a powerful impulse to spurn the constant vexatious intervention of an authority so fantastically arbitrary, and so easily subjected to the test of defiance.

They are infested with an ever-growing swarm of demons, denominated *Atuas*. These are the souls of dead chiefs, haunting the places where they lived or died, assuming occasionally a temporary incarnation in birds, lizards, and what not; and with as much disposition and power to do mischief as when they had been the owners as well as inhabitants of bodies. And it is a striking illustration of what the people actually experience of power in their fellow mortals, that they deem it always combined with malignity in its defunct possessors. The atua is always ready to wreak some spite. Fail to do what he exacts, or do any thing to offend him in the slightest degree, even though unintentionally or inadvertently, and he is sure to play the very devil. If he but wants a little amusement, you are likely to know of it by some mischance that shall befall you. Distempers, pains, unlucky accidents, losses, frights, bad weather, storms—it is the atua that has been at work. The case is mentioned of a young man suffering a severe pain of the bowels; the cause was obvious; the atua had taken possession of his interior; and much at his ease (the atua's ease) was gnawing and devouring it. A priest was had in to eject him by a ceremony of alternate coaxing and threatening.

As these noxious agents can work their purposes out of reach of revenge, and with greater facility and power than when in the mortal state, it may be supposed that the atuas-that-are-to-be should feel the less repugnance to the thought of death. The case, it seems, is so, but with a whimsical and rather inconvenient circumstance of exception; which also forms an exception to the common creed of both barbarous and civilized nations relative to the matter of falling in battle.

‘The chiefs suppose that their left eye after death ascends to heaven and becomes a star. *They are fearful of being killed in war*; as it is supposed, in that case, their titular divinityship forsakes them, and they become serviceable only to add effulgence to the star of their conqueror.’

Notwithstanding a fantasy so little congenial with the brave nobility of heroism, they have anticipations which enable them to settle a somewhat advantageous account, prospectively, with death.

‘The apotheosis of a chief takes place immediately on his decease; the feeling of pride which elates him on his supposed divine exaltation, and that of the exhumation of his bones in after years, when his prowess and deeds of valour will be sung by hundreds of his affectionate followers, cause him rather to welcome death than shun it.’

—Vol. ii. p. 71.

The notion of the untoward fate of a chief slain in battle, will, indeed, be a stimulus to eager and desperate violence when he comes into actual conflict; but it must be a strong incitement to the practice of destroying an enemy in the way of treachery and surprise. This degrading doom must admit of exceptions; for, on passing a rotten memorial of a great warrior chief who had fallen in battle, and whose head had been secured, dried, and preserved as a trophy by the hostile party, our author was assured that the demolished champion was become a formidable river-god, active in the proper business of his station, that is to say, 'up-setting canoes, and playing divers feats of a similar nature, such as causing the river at times to be impassible, by raising heavy swells, as some satisfaction for the detention of his head.' A bird, of a common species, that happened to be perched and uttering its monotonous note on the monumental post, was instantly recognized and dreaded by the party as the vehicle of the atua; and caused, after its disappearance, a very serious consultation as to the purport of the threatenings, presumed to have been pronounced by him in the person of this poor flutterer.

Under the denomination of *Reinga*, they delieve there is, somewhere aloft, a city or region of the dead, where 'the spirits are as numerous as the sand;' where they enjoy, as the greatest happiness of *spirits*, excellent good cheer; and all is pleasant, except that no fighting is allowed. We know not what authority it can be that keeps the peace; for the chiefs (the magistracy, as one would suppose), feel so strongly the necessity of some such pleasurable excitement, that ever and anon they are descending for a while to the earth, to haunt the scenes of their former earthly exploits, to perpetrate such mischiefs as may well raise among the unprivileged mortals the envy of such power combined with such impunity. One spot on the coast is mentioned as being reputed in a peculiar manner the place of exit of spirits passing to the *Reinga*. The only vegetation on the acclivity is a long spear grass, and a kind of creeping plant which runs in strong fibres up the sand-hills. This serves as a ladder for the spirits to climb by. 'The wrath of the natives would be unbounded were these steps cut away by the wantonness of Europeans.'

'If the spirit belonged to a village in the interior, it is supposed to carry with it some tufts or leaves, of such shrubs or branches of trees as flourish most in the place where they had their residence on earth. These tufts are called *wakaous*, or remembrancers; and the spirits, it is said, leave one of the 'cards' in every place where they may have rested, according to custom, on the way to the *Reinga*.'

—Vol. i. p. 245.

They acknowledge the white man's atua to be more powerful

than any of their own; and say that to him they owe the introduction of certain malignant diseases. There is a plentiful nuisance of priests, with a sprinkling of priestesses. They manage what business is to be done with and about the *atuas*, including the trade of doctors, conjurors, and fortune-tellers. They are ultra privileged; for they seem to lose nothing of their credit by the failure of their incantations and predictions; having always plausible explanations, in the alleged caprices or spite of the *atuas*; and these explanations go down with the gulled populace. It is the gods that are at fault for whatever comes amiss.

‘Priests possess the gift of prescience, and are supposed to foretell to an hour what is likely to happen; and should the contrary to the prediction take place, it is accounted for that the *atua* is in an ill-humour, thus venting his bile on the priest; whose flock observe, ‘*Nu Tilani*,’ man no fool; so they return the supposed anger of the *atua*, with double applause on the priest, and a proportionate contempt on the faulty divinity, who is unable to know his own mind—which is a national feature.’—Vol. ii. p. 246.

Since, according to our author, the sacerdotal profession, supplied most commonly from the families of the chiefs, is taken up as a convenient, respectable, and profitable resource, without any special qualification for its employments, we might wonder (as nothing similar is seen any where else) how these personages can have acquired such a hold on the minds of the people. There are some, indeed, who venture, in words, to make light of the priestly character and claims; but their infidelity is apt to shrink when put to the trial. There is, virtually, a spiritual court to deal with them.

‘The younger relations who possess but little in worldly goods in respectable families, generally take to this profession. There are many sensible natives who laugh at this class of men; but these free-thinkers, by the force of habit or example, succumb to the crafty old men on being taken ill; but no sooner recover than they become again faithless. The priests do not fail to notice these *independents*, and they are doubly mulcted when taken unwell.’—Vol. ii. p. 245.

These sages are the oracles consulted respecting the commencement, the continuance, or the cessation of war. A victory brings them double work, that of soothsaying and that of privileged eating. ‘When the body of a principal enemy is to be cut up, partly roasted, and tasted by these people, auguries are elicited by the appearance of the intestines; and on their position and taste depends the renewal or the cessation of the contest.’ ‘The priests eat wholly [i. e. we suppose, they *alone*] of the first body slain in battle; the chiefs and people partake of all that may be

'slain after.' Thanks and offerings are presented 'to *Tu*, the native Mars, and to *Wiro*, the evil spirit.' (Mr. P. should have indicated whether these be regarded as of generically superior nature and origin to the *atuas* into which mere human spirits are manufactured.) 'A female chief when slain, is cut up and sacrificed by priestesses; that is, if the men have sufficient *subjects* in hand of their own sex. These feminine incarnations of Satan are treated with much respect, are believed and trusted with the same implicit faith as the priests.'

The ritual for the celebration of victory is not content with merely satisfying the demands of superstition and cannibal taste.

Among other refinements in barbarity, practised on those occasions, the dissections take place before the captured relatives, who are made witnesses of the horrible fate of their friends. And when the endearing affection with which these people view each other among their families, is considered, it is impossible to conceive the agony and horror of the miserable children, and the enslaved wives and relations, whose strength as a tribe is perhaps broken for ever. Yet it is certain, that after some time, when the memory no longer lingers on the losses they have sustained, the captured people throw their affections on the tribe who conquered them; and I have seen many thus circumstanced, who in after years have been on visits to the villages where they were born, and the relatives from whom they were torn, and have always returned to their conquerors, having formed new connexions and tastes.'

—Vol. ii. p. 249.

The author does not appear to have actually witnessed one of the orgies of cannibalism. But no one thing in the habits of these islanders was more plainly and uniformly attested to him than the wide prevalence of that practice. It was as constant a part as slaughter itself of every story of war; a luxury combining triumph, revenge, and epicurism. It was related as the result of more than one sanguinary conflict, of a recent time, that 'many of the victors killed themselves by gluttony in devouring human flesh.' No wonder at this fatal effect in one of the instances; since of a thousand men slain of the defeated army, one fourth part were devoured on the same day, on the spot, by the conquerors, who were to the number of three thousand at the commencement of the battle (the greatest battle, in point of numbers, within the memory or traditions of the people). But the practice is not confined to formal war. It is a gratification additional to that of revenge in treacherous murders. Slaves are sometimes less valued for their services, than as materials for gluttonous debauch. We can recollect to have seen an affectation of scepticism as to the existence, any where, of such a practice; any doubt pretended with respect to the New Zealanders would be simply ridiculous.

In the savage conflict just referred to, the commander of the

victorious party killed the leading chief of the opposite tribes, and 'drank the blood as it gushed from the decollated head. The left eye was hastily scooped out, and swallowed by the demoniac leader, that it might add to the refulgence of his own eye, when at his death it would be translated as a star in heaven.' This chief was no other than the noted E'Ongi (usually written Shungie), who had made, previously to these hostilities, a visit to England, where he conducted himself with a manly, easy decorum; was introduced to George IV.; received much attention from a religious body with a view to engage his favour to missionaries; manifested a sagacious policy for the purposes of his ambition, in sedulously procuring useful implements, decidedly preferred by him to showy trifles; but was especially intent above all to supply himself with fire-arms and ammunition, a new aliment to his unmitigable ferocity. It was even believed that his eagerness, after his return to New Zealand, to prove the irresistible efficacy of these means of destruction in the hands of his warriors, was the real instigation to the war; while the pretext was, that one of his relations had been murdered and devoured by a neighbouring tribe. The leader of that tribe offered him any payment or satisfaction he should require; but he vowed extermination; and only a forlorn relic of the tribe was left alive, in slavery or dispersion. He was by far the most renowned and dreaded warrior in the island, or in the memory of its inhabitants. It was believed that he aspired to make himself master of them all—all that his ferocious massacres might leave in existence. But his own horrid life was prematurely brought to a close after a tedious decline, in consequence of a bullet-wound received fifteen months before; and of which our author's account, given, as it looks, in good faith, makes a more exorbitant demand on *our* faith than any other thing in his book. Pursuing some retreating enemies to where they made a stand among bushes,

E'Ongi, who fought after the native fashion, namely, by lurking behind the trunks of trees, stepped on one side to discharge his musket, when a ball struck him, supposed to have been discharged by one of his own party. It broke his collar bone, passed by an oblique direction through his right breast, and came out a little below his shoulder-blade, close to the spine. The wound stopped his career. Most of the surgeons in the different whale-ships that entered the Bay of Islands, examined it, but found his case past all remedy. The wound never closed; and the whistling noise caused by the air in entering, afforded amusement to the chief.

His last moments were employed in strenuously exhorting his followers to be valiant, and defend themselves against the numerous enemies they had provoked, and who would take advantage of his departure to the Reinga, or world of spirits; adding, he wanted no other payment after his death. He besought them to allow the Church

Missionaries to subsist in peace, for they had eve acted for the best. His dying lips were employed in repeating the words 'kiá toá! kiá toá!' be courageous, be valiant. The demise of this indomitable warrior was awaited in fear and trembling by many of his nearest friends, who were fearful that the Hokianga chiefs would kill them as sacrifices to accompany their master's spirit; but the chief of the place bade them dismiss their fears.

'The village resounded with the discordant tangi, and streams of blood were shed with the aid of the muscle-shell. Innumerable addresses and speeches were made on the merits of the deceased. Dancing and singing in mournful cadences ensued; while the chants of the Piké, descriptive of the valiant enterprises of the magnanimous defunct, with continual discharges of artillery, added to the solemnity of the scene.'—Vol. ii. p. 186.

He died in March, 1828. So absolute a fiend as he was in war and victory, he is described as of very mild and inoffensive habits in time of peace; liking to play with little children; extremely affectionate to his relations; and almost overwhelmed by the loss of several sons, and of a favorite wife, whom, though blind, he regarded as his best friend and wisest counsellor.

It is pleasing to be informed that the scene of his destructive exploits has become like an extinct volcano by his death. There has been no inheritor of his predominant power and ambition, and the chiefs in that northern territory have agreed in the policy of settling their differences in other ways than by mutual slaughter. The improvement is partly ascribed to the location of many Europeans among them. It was quite time to consider whether they should be willing to perish wholly from the earth. The face of the land is like the fine scenery of the tragic theatre; an enchanting imagery to set off the horror of crime and death; tracts smiling and glowing in natural beauty, but frowning with the memorial of exterminating murder. Our author surveyed one fair and fertile tract after another; which, within memory, or according to tradition, had once been occupied by a living multitude, but are now desolate; marked here and there with some traces and relics of the works of tribes extinct. We may wonder how the population should ever have been numerous, if their temper and habits were the same in past ages as within the period of our acquaintance with them. And when we take into view the wars, the treachery, the cannibalism, the infanticide, the suicides in honour of deceased relations, and the diseases imported from Europe, we may and do wonder that their numbers have been kept up to even the present amount.

A habitual distrust of one another prevails between the tribes; since they are mutually conscious of a disposition to watch for opportunities to take an advantage, inflict an injury, or wreak a revenge, with the least hazard to the aggressors. For it is re-

markable how much cowardice lurks in a temperament which blazes up into rage and madness in actual conflict. Habitual suspicion and alarm are betrayed on all sides. In the course of an exploring journey, our author was amused at the evident terror of his band of stout young chieftains, on occasion of the sudden appearance, or reported approach, of some two or three strange men, till they were recognized as of a tribe not hostile. Even when such heroes are confronted in battle array, they are shy of commencing the fray, till some provocation fires their blood into reckless fury.—The explosive suddenness of anger was often shown in the ordinary affairs of life. At some trifle of offence they would leap up, and caper, and rage about in frantic violence, with frightful gesticulations and grimaces. The Englishman would laugh at them, and by some adroit turn speedily reduce this outbreak to quietness or even good humour. Their fickleness and caprice were often an annoyance to him when he had to depend on their co-operation. His management was sometimes by humouring and bribing them, and sometimes by assuming the resolute tone of a master.

We have mentioned their affection for their relations. Parents show a doating fondness for their children, who do whatever they like without fear of chastisement; and of course are often impertinent and insolent in return. Meetings after absence make what we are in the fashion of denominating a *scene*.

‘One of the females who had accompanied us met with her father: whom she no sooner beheld, not having expected to see him in this village, than she fell on his neck, and embraced him with such marks of filial piety and tenderness as prevented me from being an unmoved spectator. The parent, who was quite gray, and bowed down with old age, applied his nose to hers, large tear-drops rolling in quick succession down his aged face, which the duteous daughter wiped away with her mat, that was soon saturated with their united tears.’

—Vol. i. p. 117.

This was genuine, no doubt; and such was the warmth of parental affection in a man who would, very likely, have luxuriated in a feast on the roasted body of another parent's daughter, if obtained among the spoils of victory. Is it that in the savage, in the absence of all moral culture of the affections, the attachment of near relationship is therefore the stronger in the simple unmodified nature of an instinct, like that of the lower animals?

We wonder whether there be a philosophy that can assign the principle from which human beings should, equally on joyous and mournful occasions, affect a violent sorrow, and inflict on themselves frightful wounds, as in the ceremony denominated *tangi*, at once the most ludicrous and the most serious etiquette we have

ever read of. On a meeting, from a distance, of parties who are friends, or whose policy it is to appear so, they burst out into loud wailings, and lacerate their own flesh with the muscle-shell, till they stream with blood, to the dismay of an European spectator. On the arrival of the author's party at the village of a chief who gave them a friendly reception,

'The abomination of the tangi commenced, in which the early sobs rose to shrieks and outcries that were truly dismal to hear; it reminded me of those unhappy people whose prostrate imagination conceives no hope. This howling lasted an hour; and as we had passed through many adventures (in the ideas of a native), it took some time to chant over. The women, as usual, were most outrageous in the lament; and cut gashes in their flesh with such ferocity, that I was fain glad to quit their vicinity, and visit the 'lions' of this metropolis.'

—Vol. i. p. 164.

The reader may ask what curiosities, worthy of the cant denomination of 'lions,' there could be in the barbarian chief's headquarters? He will find them such objects as were formerly, and not so very long since, deemed not unfit for the neighbourhood of palaces, churches, and cathedrals. It should be in moderate terms that we express our censure on the court of New Zealand for retaining a fashion somewhat later than it 'went out' in London.

'I was introduced to that part of the inclosure, where the heads of the enemy that had been captured during the week were placed on poles, in front of the house of the chief. I counted nine: there were three more placed on poles in front of the entrance gate to this part of the village, behind which was the cemetery. The latter heads had been in that situation for a month previous. They brought to recollection the refined taste that prompted a more civilized people to decorate the gates of their metropolis, the emporium of the fine arts, with ornaments of a similar nature, some 'sixty years since;' the discontinuance of which has been destructive to an itinerant profession; for we are told by Walpole, in his 'Private Correspondence,' that at a certain date he went to the Tower of London, and passed under the *new heads* at Temple Bar, where he saw people making a trade by letting spy-glasses at a 'halfpenny a look.'—Vol. i. p. 156.

Go a little further, however, in the story, and we disown the parallel, in behalf even of the druidical age of our nation; but must reconcile ourselves as well as we can to the fact of our standing in the relationship of humanity with whatever is the most degraded portion of it. The declaration that 'of one blood are made all nations, to dwell on all the face of the earth,' brings something of rebuke and humiliation to the pride of civilization and refinement, when we read of a section of our general kindred

having at this day such a taste and notion of luxury as that exhibited in the paragraph immediately following that just transcribed.

‘These heads had chanted the war-song but four days previously; the bodies which had appertained to them danced the wild *hākā*, and had since been consigned to the oven, and nearly wholly devoured by the natives. Curious to see this abhorrent food, after it had undergone a culinary process, I requested a minor chief to show me some. He accordingly mounted a *wátá*, where the provisions are always kept, and brought down a small flax basket, containing the human viand. At first view I should have taken it for fresh pork in a boiled state, having the same pale cadaverous colour. My informant stated it was a piece of the lower part of the thigh, grasping with his hand that part of my body, illustrative of what he advanced. It appeared very much shrunk; and on my observing it must have appertained to a boy, the head of its possessor when alive, was pointed out to me, apparently a man of forty-five years of age.

‘The sight of this piece of mortality afforded the chief some pleasure; for he stretched out his tongue, pretending to lick the food, and gave other significant signs, indicative of the excessive delight he felt in partaking of human flesh. He entered largely on the subject, pointing to many parts of my body, such as the palm of my hand, shoulders, and lower extremities, as being particularly delicate, even to the most fastidious.’—Vol. i. p. 167.

We wish we had been distinctly told that the *women* stand aloof from such abominations. In other respects our author has much to say in their favour. Here, as every where else, the all-pervading depravity of the human race has a mitigation of its virulence in the female sex. There are in the work repeated strong testimonies to a degree of modesty, in the young females especially, which, amidst such habits and spectacles as they are accustomed to witness, could have been preserved only by an innate principle. Such of them as become the wives of Europeans, especially if they have been under the tuition, or become the converts, of the missionaries, accommodate themselves with admirable facility to the dress, good order, and all the decorums of civilized life. In the savage state they are remarkable for a devoted attachment to their husbands, much greater than, we dare say, any of those husbands deserve. It appears to be no uncommon occurrence for a wife to destroy herself on the death of her husband; and that not in servility to any dictate of superstition, as among the Hindoos, but from the impulse of genuine and desolate affection. It happened several times to Mr. P. to witness the funeral rites for such a self-immolated widow. The women share the common lot of their sex among all barbarous nations in

being undervalued and doomed to all the hardship in the economy of life.

The aristocratic principle has found its way (for it inheres in human nature) to this far-off fragment of the earth, where ancient patricians and modern peerage had never been heard of. But here it is remarkable, that the thing is not a contrivance for exemption from being useful; for the chiefs work in the plantations, gardens, and manual employments, as hard as, and along with, the commonalty and serfs. How such an anomaly can have happened is rather wonderful. Is it that they have been less arrogant than their 'order' elsewhere, on the strength of rank, or that the plebeians have been able and had the sense to keep them down? It is not that little value is set on noble descent; it affects materially the regulations of society, especially in the affair of marriage. If we recollect right, a chief may take a wife of inferior condition without damage to his station; but when a *lady* of quality accepts a man of the lower order she raises him, indeed, but in the same degree herself descends. The son of such a marriage appears to inherit the mother's original rank, for with all freedom of speech and manner, he will remind his father that he is of finer quality. Though the chieftain rank is principally by descent, a man who is natively 'nobody,' may attain it by distinguished military exploits. There is a slave-class, consisting chiefly of captives and their descendants. Numerous runaways of this class have collected themselves into a sort of tribe, in an out-of-the-way district, to which the debasement peculiarly incident to their condition has accompanied their liberty.

Hideously savage and repulsive as the character of these islanders stands out in our author's representation, verified by numerous narratives and anecdotes, he is, nevertheless, confidently sanguine as to what they may come to be at no distant time. He is strong in the opinion of both their capability of a renovated condition, and their aptitude for it. They are far from that lumpish impregnable grossness which fixes down, as by a law of gravitation, the state of some of the outcasts of humanity, to remain the same from generation to generation. They are naturally intelligent, inquisitive, observant, of ready apprehension, and flexible temper. They are quick to perceive the advantage of European arts, implements, and modes of operation, which they have a facility in imitating and adopting. Their spirit of traffic, knavish and thievish, no doubt, and specially intent on obtaining the means of effective warfare, will gradually conduce, by their trade with Europeans, to a multiplication of their wants and tastes, and tend to transfer their passion for guns and powder to objects more akin to peace and civilization. Their present care and neatness in the cultivation of their garden-grounds, afford some assurance

they can be industrious. The vast nuisance of their superstition is not, we think, of a nature the most difficult to be abated. It is of a coarse consistence by what we may call its poverty of dogmas. It exists in one rude fallacy of the imagination, instead of being radicated in intellectual and abstract principles; it cannot, therefore, have any thing like the tenacity of the Asiatic paganisms, with their systematic order of speculative doctrines, to be complicated with and pervert all thinking on all subjects. It is a superstition which, when begun to be thrown off, may soon be wholly thrown off; since, though it does, as we have before observed, maintain a comprehensive tyranny over the people's feelings and actions, it is by one bare tangible form of delusion that it does so. A few notorious instances of evident impunity in defying and scorning the *atuas* and their priests, will do much toward a riddance of the imposition and the bondage; as in the case of the heroic native female in the Sandwich Islands, who descended, alone, in the sight of an anxious multitude 'halting between two 'opinions,' into the great volcano, to challenge with insult the dreaded god of fire in his own domain, on the very edge of his glowing lava. The emancipation will be assisted by the conviction, acknowledged by these pagans, of the superior power of the Englishmen's God, who makes them invulnerable to the power and malice of theirs. All power sinks in estimation when seen in the presence and in awe of a greater power.

Already considerable numbers of English have found their way into these fine islands; some to be located, many to traverse, trade, or play the villain, among the natives. The consequence is a balance of good and evil, with a very decided tendency to a predominance of the latter; a certainty that it will and must predominate, unless prompt measures be adopted by this country to prevent it. Our author asserts pointedly and repeatedly, that the character of the natives, especially of the females, has become much vitiated (vitiating from that of the savage state!) by communication with the English. The country is becoming infested with deserters from ships, and miscreants escaped from the convict colony. These are fast creating a pestilent compost of the vices of civilization, preposterously so called, with indigenous ones of the savages. Some of the masters and crews of trading ships have committed the most abominable iniquities. Mr. P. relates (vol. ii. p. 113) a piece of infernal treachery and cruelty perpetrated by the captain of a ship from Port Jackson, of the name of Stewart. Information was sent to the authorities at Sydney; there was some semblance of a process about it; but it was thought proper to let him go off from that port with impunity, in the same vessel in which the horrid transaction had taken place.

It is but little that, on the wide scale, the mischiefs done by the

numerous English reprobates can be countervailed by the missionaries of the Church and Wesleyan Societies, judicious and zealous as their exertions are testified to be. Mr. P. insists, urgently, on the necessity of a formal enterprise of colonization, armed with a strong official power, to exercise a coercion over the English propagators of vice and ruin; to protect the natives while endeavouring to civilise them; and to promote cultivation and commerce on a large regular plan; having, in the first instance, obtained by purchase an extensive portion of land. He asserts that such an occupancy would be very acceptable to many of the natives; who can understand that it would be a great benefit to have European improvements introduced among them; to have a traffic secured on equitable regulations; and even to have put over them, or at least to have among them, a foreign authority, able to interpose for the repression of the disorders which are rapidly working their destruction.

Under the auspices of such an establishment, to some extent lords of the soil, with great maritime resources and facilities, and gradually diffusing a mitigating and pacifying influence among the barbarous population, our author thinks the country would be a fine field for emigrants. He expatiates on its fertility, the adaptation of its various climates to all the vegetable productions of necessity or luxury; its noble forests, its thickets of flax growing without cultivation; its beautiful scenery; its commodious harbours. It is placed in strongly advantageous contrast with all but a very minor portion of the Australian continent; of which it is mortifying to find so vast a proportion doomed to perpetual sterility for want of water; while certain tracts warn off all but the moveable scantling of human existence, by a liability to transient deluges.—It is mentioned in favor of New Zealand that it is fitted to be an advantageous point or centre of connexion between our already established colonies and the numerous islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. P. does not take any pains to obviate the fearful apprehensions that might arise in the minds of persons looking to emigration, at the thought of seeking a home in the midst of such a ferocious race. But he assumes, with a facility and confidence which we wish we could share, that these formidable neighbours will speedily divest themselves of their infamous habits; will renounce their favorite amusement of wholesale and retail assassination; will addict themselves with a ready good will to agriculture, the mechanic arts, and traffic; will generally, within a generation or two, learn the English language; and will sweep away their trumpery of atua, priests, conjurers, and that vexatious annoyance of the *tuboo*, which is encountering every poor mortal at every turn. They are ambitious of acquiring something of what gives the Europeans so evident a superiority. And our author

has seen some of their performances in the nicer parts of carpentry-work, which excelled those they imitated, and greatly elated the vanity of the workmen. Numbers of them are employed in the South Sea whaling and trading vessels; and soon become as competent to the service, in all its parts, as any other hands on board.

It is highly satisfactory to see in forward preparation, on a respectable scale, and under liberal and powerful patronage, such a scheme as our author recommends. To be sure, we have already colonies more than enough for the purposes of exhibiting bad government, draining the national treasury, instituting episcopal sees, and rendering us vulnerable at so many points to any enemy hereafter powerful at sea. But one really cannot help being sorry that so fine a tract of earth should be worse than useless on the planet, so capable and reclaimable a race of creatures abandoned to destruction, and a large portion of our own population, the while, in desperate competition for bits of ground to subsist upon.

We ought to have noticed more expressly that our author always speaks of the Missionaries in strong terms of approbation and applause. Besides the general salutary tendency of their labours (but within a sphere by necessity so limited), he mentions various instances of their beneficial interference to prevent deeds of violence, and allay the passions of hostile parties.

The book is very handsomely printed, and furnished with a map and a few illustrative plates.

Art. III. *On the Philosophy of the Mind*. By JAMES DOUGLAS, Esq., of Cavers. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1839. 8vo. pp. 387.

IN the eager pursuit of physical science, (to say nothing of the keenness and intensity of feeling with which men now a-days throng the scenes of business, and engage in the conflicts of politics,) the philosophy of the mind has been recently almost forgotten. Nothing, not even poetry, has been such a drug in the literary market, or has stood so little chance of obtaining a fair hearing, as metaphysics.

We are persuaded that this depreciation, or rather neglect,—the result partly of the spirit of the times, partly of the impatience with which the generality of men throw from them whatever requires hard thinking—is of ill omen to the interests of a thorough education. We are not, we hope, disposed to overrate the advantages promised by the study of this science, or to exalt it at the expense of others,—the great error into which the advocates of any particular branch of study are so apt to fall. We have learnt at least this great lesson from the study of mental philosophy, and from a survey of man's intellectual powers, not to depreciate any

one of the few totally different methods of instruction which, being addressed to different parts of the mental constitution, secure for each its appropriate discipline, and for the whole a more harmonious and perfect development. Such results as these constitute the chief benefits of education, in comparison with which the mere *amount* of knowledge—the *number* of facts imparted in the course of it, are of but secondary importance. The principal methods by which this discipline may be most effectually secured, appear to us, the study of languages, of mathematics, and mental philosophy, including, of course, in the last, the principles which lie at the basis of logic, grammar, and rhetoric. While each of these three great methods of intellectual discipline make demands upon all the powers of the mind, each has its principal strain rather upon some than others. It is true that both mathematics and mental science, principally tend to strengthen the powers of abstraction and generalization; but each, also, involves processes of mind in degree at least peculiar to itself.

While mathematics principally teach the knack of ready logical inference, the data being comparatively few, narrow, and certain, mental philosophy cherishes the habit of cautious induction. This is required by the complexity and subtlety of the phenomena with which it has to deal; and it is a habit of immense importance in every branch of moral science.—And though both studies tend principally to exercise the powers of abstraction, it is in very different ways.

Mental philosophy, by the very nature of the investigations which it involves, by the fleeting, subtle, and evanescent character of the thoughts and emotions subjected to its analysis, by the infrequency and reluctance with which men attempt the painful work of introspection, and not least by the absence of all symbols to illustrate the processes of intellect, makes a still stronger demand on abstraction than even the mathematics. In the same manner, the attempt to analyze and to classify phenomena so complex and so transient, affords the highest exercise to the powers of generalization, while the attempt to express these processes and results in language, necessitates habitual caution in the definition and employment of terms. Now, all this we say is a great and important kind of discipline, the benefit of which is not lost nor even diminished by the alleged uncertainty of the study. The analysis of the mental phenomena may be, in a particular case, very unsatisfactory, and the requisite exactness of expression perhaps, in all cases, impossible; it is the habits, nurtured by such pursuits, which constitute the great benefit, not the certainty of the knowledge acquired in them. It is the very difficulties of the subject—difficulties, perhaps, never to be wholly surmounted,—which principally render it worthy of attention at all. It is these which have slowly taught the patience, caution, and accuracy which, when transferred to other and more easy subjects of investigation,

are of immense value, but would never be acquired by attention to such *easy* subjects. With regard to the faculty of correctly appreciating and weighing *moral* evidence, there can, of course, be little question as to the superiority of the benefits conferred by the study of mental philosophy over those conferred by the study of the mathematics. The very exactness which the mathematics demand, and which is unattainable when we have only probabilities to deal with, often renders a man who has never disciplined his powers of abstraction and reasoning by anything, *except* the mathematics, unfit for this rough moral computation. This observation is trite, but not less true; and the history of several mathematicians who, with little in their heads but mathematics, have been intrusted with the management of civil or political affairs, singularly confirms it. A not less striking illustration of its value in this respect though we are not aware that it has ever been noticed, is found in the *fact*, that there is scarcely any writer who has elicited any *new* truths, or very successfully illustrated *old* ones, in the several departments of theology, ethics, politics, and political economy, who has not, in the course of his education, paid marked attention to metaphysical inquiries. Most of them have made some attainments in mathematics, a few of them very considerable attainments. This we think right, because we hold the mathematics, like mental philosophy, to be a peculiar, indispensable, and in all respects highly valuable discipline of mind. But the force of our argument, as showing the peculiar relation of the study of the mind to the successful prosecution of the moral sciences, lies in this; first, that we are not aware of any writers, who having neglected this study, have been marked by decided eminence in these branches of science; and, secondly, that almost all who have attained such eminence, have been *distinguished* by their attention to it. And be it observed, that the success or the failure of the individual speculator in metaphysics, is, in our view, of little consequence; we having placed the chief benefit of intellectual philosophy in the discipline it imparts. Of the many examples which we might cite from the history of our own country alone, in confirmation of this argument, we need mention only the names of Bacon, Locke, Barrow, Chillingworth, Butler, Adam Smith, and most of our greatest lawyers and political economists. As, in our view, mental philosophy holds such an important place as a discipline and preparation for the successful prosecution of the moral sciences, so do the mathematics hold an equally important place in relation to the physical sciences; and similar examples from history would confirm this view also.

Though we regard the study of mental philosophy to be valuable principally as a discipline, it is not solely as a discipline that it is of value. Endless as are its logomachies, and numerous as are its disputes which, though not logomachies, are scarcely

susceptible of any satisfactory adjustment, those laws of the mind which it has successfully investigated, and those principles which it has put beyond the reach of controversy, (though few,) are of exceedingly wide application in almost every department of moral science—especially in relation to criticism, politics, and ethics. Such is the great law of association, and those which control imagination and emotion. Nor, indeed, do we know of anything that tends so powerfully to inspire an enlarged and liberal spirit of inquiry, or to defecate the mind from vulgar prejudices, as a calm and attentive survey of its capacities. It was this, in fact, which enabled the great Bacon to give so clear and so beautiful an account of the prejudices which pre-occupy and beset the human mind in the investigation of truth.—To all this may be added, as an incidental benefit of the study of this science, that the discussions which it involves, and the close definitions and explanations of terms which it necessitates, tend to fix in the mind the various meanings, whether popular or philosophical, of a large class of the most abstract terms in the language.

Such are our convictions of the benefits to be derived from some attention to metaphysical pursuits, even where they lead to no certain results; a disadvantage which, indeed, more or less attends all other pursuits. They furnish a peculiar discipline of mind, while the principles which are elicited are of very extensive application.

Though this study has recently been, in our opinion, much depreciated and undervalued, we are happy to believe that we have lately seen some faint symptoms of a disposition to revive it. On this account we rejoice that Mr. Douglas has been induced to enter upon this field. Though his work is principally taken up in recording and commenting upon the opinions of others, and does not contain very much of original speculation, yet the moderate size of the volume, the previous reputation of the author, and the elegance of the style, may induce many persons to read this book who would have neither time nor inclination to read others.

It is impossible that a man of Mr. Douglas's vigour of mind, various and extensive reading, power of illustration, and refinement of taste, should sit down to the discussion of any subject without writing much that has strong claims to attention. Yet we must confess that, gratified as we have been with many powerful and many splendid passages in the present volume, it has not furnished us with equal pleasure to that derived from his 'Truths and Errors of Religion.' This is, no doubt, partly owing to the nature of the subject, which in no hands could be made equally delightful; partly to the disproportion between the number and the multiplicity of topics touched upon, and the limited nature of the work itself. The subjects can rarely be treated with the fullness and expansion which they often demand. The effect, however, is we apprehend, partly to be attributed to the character of

the author's own mind. Every powerful and original intellect has its peculiar excellencies; and Mr. Douglas seems to us to possess greater aptitudes for enforcing and illustrating known truths; for showing the mutual connexion, harmony, beauty, and utility of acknowledged principles; for canvassing and sifting the opinions of former writers, and, where it is possible, mediating between them and reconciling them, than for original speculation. The evident delight with which he dwells upon and illustrates the harmony and utility of the great leading principles of our mental constitution, shows both his devout spirit and his poetical temperament; nor do we know of any book of the same size in which the wisdom displayed in our intellectual structure, the final cause of the various parts of the mechanism of mind, is so ably or so beautifully illustrated. Indeed, he often indulges himself in such themes to an extent disproportioned to the size of the volume; and this, perhaps, partly accounts for that want of continuous investigation and that thorough and searching analysis, which many of the topics, if treated at all, imperatively demand.

No mind can possess every species of intellectual excellence, and Mr. Douglas possesses many which it would be very questionable wisdom (even if he had the power) to exchange for any others whatsoever. But as we do not attribute to him, so far as this volume is concerned, any extraordinary aptitude for refined and subtle analysis, we are not surprised at his apparently preferring Reid and even Stuart, as metaphysicians, to Brown,—in our opinion, the greatest analyst of the mind that the last century produced; a man who, considering his comparative youth, appears to us almost a miracle of sagacity and acuteness; and who, if he had lived to revise, mature, and extend his views, would have rendered all comparison between Reid or Stuart and himself as utterly ludicrous as even now it seems to us groundless and unwise. We cannot but think that Mr. Douglas has grievously underrated this powerful thinker; nor could we read the following passage, more especially the close, without feelings of astonishment.

'Some of the most acute remarks on this subject [the Emotions], are those of the late Dr. Brown; his metaphysical views appear to us very defective and erroneous; and, therefore, we the more readily acknowledge his excellence here. Mr. Stuart terms him to be too much of a poet to be a good metaphysician, and too much of a metaphysician to be a good poet; not with much justice, for neither his poetical nor metaphysical powers were so great as to injure him in any other branch of pursuit; and Shakspeare, the greatest, at least of all modern poets, has thrown more light upon the operations of the mind than most of those who make the study of the mind their principal pursuit. But whatever powers Dr. Brown had (and they certainly were considerable),

'seemed to lie chiefly on the confines of poetry, metaphysics, and rhetoric; and in treating of the emotions of the mind, which border on all these, he met with the subject most congenial to his powers. It is striking to observe, how the peculiarities of each mind display themselves in the partial clearness of each individual's views. Dr. Brown, who has treated best of the emotions themselves, has failed in the analysis of the mental operations which accompany them, while Mr. Stuart, who has rather passed over the emotions themselves, has been more successful in enumerating the processes of our more active powers.'—pp. 291, 292.

In another place Mr. Douglas says, 'Dr. Brown claims to be a discoverer in metaphysics, and his discoveries are such as few plagiarists will seek to deprive him of.' Dr. Brown is certainly not free from errors; but the services he has rendered to mental philosophy ought to be a sufficient protection from language like this. We forbear to comment on it further.

But it is time we should now proceed to give some further account of Mr. Douglas's work. It is divided into two parts, the first of which is entitled 'Speculative Opinions,' and is a rapid sketch of the peculiarities of the principal theories from the earliest times to the present day. It occupies nearly half the volume. But though the salient points of the chief systems are judiciously seized, and the statements are every where perspicuous, yet there is so great a disproportion between the topics and the space allotted to them; the review is necessarily so rapid; names and systems crowd so fast upon us, that we fear that those who are not pretty well read in that dark subject,—the history of philosophy, will not be likely to derive very much benefit from it. Indeed, for this reason we almost wish that the sketch of the progress of ancient philosophy, unless it had been treated at much greater length, had been omitted, and that our author had commenced with the revival of letters, and confined himself to the British schools. Yet we should have been very sorry, after all, to lose some of the brilliant passages which this portion of the work contains. Take, for example, the following graphic description of the versatile Socrates; the Socrates of Plato at all events, and we suppose, as far as regards his habits and manners, the Socrates of real life also: for though Plato has made Socrates advocate many opinions which he certainly would not have owned, it is not to be supposed that one of so exquisite dramatic skill as Plato, would fail to exhibit the external peculiarities of Socrates to the very life.

'The sophists, amongst whom Protagoras may be considered a distinguished leader, furnished with the sceptical arguments of the Eleatics, and prepared and practised to speak upon either side of every

question, were perplexing the boundaries of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, when the genius of Socrates arose a salutary light to Greece, and more than revived the spirit of ancient philosophy. The father of Socrates was a statuary, and the additional aid of his mother was required whenever the Athenian matrons invoked the assistance of Lucina. And to this it were needless to advert, did not Socrates in a spiritual sense consider himself of his mother's profession, and borrow his metaphors from it, when adverting to the education of the mental faculties, instead of drawing more beautiful allusions from the profession of his father. We have the portrait of Socrates, it appears, by universal consent, in the image of Silenus, or of the satyrs, but what hand, save that of Shakspeare, could draw the effigies of his mind—so versatile, and almost contradictory. The stranger who observed him must first have been struck with his appearance, and then with his manners,—so like, and yet so unlike the Sophists; every where, and at all times in the open air, generally in the public places, accosting all who would converse with him, and the Athenians were by no means averse to display their talents in conversation; by his irony and profession of ignorance inflating the vanity and self-importance, in the first instance, of the persons whom he addressed; then striking them, as they expressed it, with the benumbing touch of the torpedo, when he forced upon them the conviction that their ignorance was real, and that his was only assumed. The mortification of some, the anger of others, and the derision of the surrounding idlers, might be suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Xanthippe, in her peculiar style of eloquence recalling her husband to the consideration of his domestic affairs, and when arguments were ineffectual, extending her hand, and rending away his cloak; while the spectators loudly encouraged Socrates to return blow for blow, Socrates replying, 'No, by Jupiter; all you want is, that you may cry out in turns, while we are using our fists, Well done, Socrates—well done, Xanthippe!' No wonder and small blame that Aristophanes should mistake Socrates for one of the Sophists whom he opposed, and should judge his face two admirable for a mask to be omitted in his comedy. But how different is Socrates in the day of battle. Alcibiades is in danger, or Xenophon lies bleeding on the ground, and the genius of Homer alone can do justice to the lion-like retreat of the sage—rather Ulysses already represents him, rousing his magnanimous heart to stand firm, whilst the bravest of the Greeks are deserting the contest around him. The stern and prominent eyes of Socrates turn upon every side, like the eyes of the bull when spurning the ground, and preparing to rush upon the enemy; but the hostile spears respect him and pause, and he bears upon his back the most beautiful of the Greeks (a satyr carrying the youthful Apollo—a model of contrast for the statuary),—and preserves Alcibiades for the ruin of Athens, and Xenophon to be the saviour of the ten thousand Grecian heroes.

'Again, what a contrast at the banquet of Agathon. The beautiful Agathon expects the admirer of the beautiful in vain; Socrates sits in the vestibule plunged in deep thought—in such a trance of meditation as occupied him at the siege of Potidea for a day and a night, insensible

to the clash of arms and to the misery of war. The attendants long seek to rouse him, and when he does join the party, he still seems of another world. But Alcibiades appears, with all the graces of person and gifts of mind, to do honour to the festival of Agathon, and compares Socrates to the images of Silenus that were ordinarily to be met with for sale—that were rough and horrid without, but which opened and divided into two, and then you beheld the exquisite images of the gods within. He then bears testimony to the steadiness of Socrates' head, who, though he drank as much as any one, had never yet been seen intoxicated—who delighted his companions by his cheerfulness and serenity amidst the hardships of war, while he traversed the field of battle with as much composure as if he were pacing up and down his accustomed walk in the Agora of Athens; then he speaks of the fascination of his conversation, which, like the melody of Marsyas, charmed not only when performed by an exquisite musician, but even when repeated by the stupid and the illiterate. Then Socrates, whether warmed by the praise, the wine, or the presence of his two beautiful friends, shows himself, even in the friendly description of Plato, more in the character of Silenus or the satyrs, than of those celestial intelligences that were supposed to inhabit his breast.

Again, we behold him in a different point of view, when, for a wonder, he leaves the streets of Athens, and breathes the air of the neighbouring fields. Unsaddled, as usual, he wades with bare feet through the cool current of the Ilissus, his friend following him, urged by his example; and they find the chillness of the water not unpleasant, from the time of the year and of the day. Socrates, as unused to rural scenes, admires the lofty plenes, the consecrated fountain that gushed out at their feet, the reviving breeze of spring, that sighed through the branches, and the scent of the opening blossoms; yet spoke of this easy and neighbouring pleasure as one in which he would but seldom indulge. The country taught him nothing: he must be ever learning, and from the conversation of the men in the city—those conversations which brought upon him universal odium, a violent death to himself, and a lasting disgrace to his country.

Knowledge, according to Socrates, is the only good, and ignorance the only evil; but knowledge, with Socrates, stands for the knowledge and practice of duty. Happiness consists in the observance of duty. To the practice of virtue we require two things,—self-knowledge and self-control. The deity is the foundation of duty and of morals. He is discerned internally and externally, from the nature of the mind, and from the structure of the universe. Socrates himself practised strict and habitual temperance, grounded upon the maxim, that he who has the fewest wants approaches nearest to the divine nature. The best State is that, where the greatest encouragement and largest rewards are proposed to virtue. Tried by this rule, how low would his native Athens stand in the scale of governments; and yet, in condemning him to drink the poisoned cup, it conferred upon him a nobler and more lasting immortality than if it had enrolled him among his country's gods, and erected altars to his worship.

Socrates is to be admired for what he thought himself—for his few

tenets, but of excellent use—still more for what he did not think, for the vain and frivolous disputes which he rejected—most of all, for the thoughts which he excited (and this he considered his proper vocation) in the minds of others.'—pp. 35—39.

The second part of Mr. Douglas's work is divided into nine sections. The first is on 'Perception;' the second on 'Memory and Suggestion;' the third on 'The Train of Thought;' the fourth on 'Reasoning and Logic;' the fifth on 'Emotions;' the sixth on 'Taste;' the seventh on 'Freedom and the Will;' the eighth on 'Morals;' the ninth on 'Religion.'

One of the longest and best sections (though there are a few insulated statements to which we cannot subscribe) is that on 'Perception;' in which Mr. Douglas traces with great clearness the history of the controversies on this subject; discriminates between sensation and perception; points out with great beauty the manner in which the several senses, though so distinct in their nature, and the intimations they bring us, conspire with one another, and enrich us with powers which could not be conferred by any of the senses alone. This is especially shown in the manner in which the two senses of touch and vision aid one another.—On these subjects our author does ample justice to the merits of Berkeley and Reid; and points out with great beauty the arguments derived from this part of our constitution in support of natural theology. The following remarks are well worthy of attention.

'They arise, first, from the arbitrary nature of perception—our perceptions are limited, and limited by intelligent choice,—our senses perceive only what it is useful that they should be informed of, and not what they would necessarily, or even naturally attend to. According to the theory of materialism, it is the changes of the brain of which we are sensible; on the contrary, the immediate act of perception knows nothing of the brain, nor of the nerves. It overleaps all these in the chain of changes, and has its attention at once fixed upon the objects which it is useful for it to know.

'Another series of proofs arises from the adaptation of the senses to their proper objects. It is evident, that if the unaided eye had the power of the microscope, or of the telescope, in either case, it would have been less fitted, if not altogether useless, for the actual purposes of life.

'A third series of proofs arises from the adaptation of the senses to each other. To take the same illustration: had the eye been similar to the microscope, we should have been in a considerable degree deprived of the largest source of information, acquired vision. The sight would no longer have corresponded to the touch. Berkeley excellently remarks: 'A microscope brings us as it were into a new world; it presents us with a new scene of visible objects, quite different from

what we behold with the naked eye. But herein consists the most remarkable difference, to wit, that whereas the objects perceived by the eye alone, have a certain connexion with tangible objects whereby we are taught to perceive what will ensue upon the approach or application of distant objects to the parts of our own body, which much conduceth to its preservation; there is not the like connexion between things tangible, and those visible objects that are perceived by help of a fine microscope.'

'A fourth series of proofs arises, as we have shown, from the adaptation of the general structure of the mind to the senses by which their scattered notices are united, harmonized, and in their varied information, reduced, with the other notions we acquire through other channels, into one corresponding whole.

'While there are so many more obvious proofs of design, and so ably insisted upon in the admirable work of Paley, it is needless to dwell upon those which may appear to partake somewhat of the obscurity of the subject. But it is our highest wisdom, and should be our chief delight, to trace the operation of the Deity in every work of his hands; not to rest the argument upon inferences, which, however demonstrable, are remote from ordinary observation, and foreign to the usual habits of thought; but having the argument already placed on an undoubted basis, and in a demonstrative, though popular form, to point out occasionally, though briefly, the immense accessions which these arguments might receive, if every field of knowledge were laid under its due contribution.'—pp. 189—192.

It is now pretty generally admitted that Reid in his hostility to the ideal system, and in his eagerness to destroy it root and branch, interpreted the word 'idea,' as it occurs in Locke and many other modern writers, far too rigidly; in fact, as though it had been intended to denote existences objective to the mind, instead of meaning much the same as 'thoughts' or 'notions.' Even Mr. Douglas seems to admit this; his words are, 'It perhaps must also be acknowledged, that, in some respects, Reid has not made sufficient allowance for the use of the word idea in other authors, nor adequately discriminated the varying shades of meaning attached to it, how far it was metaphorical, or to what extent it imposed upon the writer's own mind.' And yet he seems to censure Dr. Brown for having said 'The confutation of mere metaphors, such as I cannot but think the *images in the mind* to have been, which Dr. Reid so powerfully assailed, seems an undertaking not very different from that of exposing, syllogistically and seriously, all the follies of Grecian Paganism, as a system of theological belief, in the hope of converting some unfortunate poetaster or poet, who still talks, in his rhyming to his mistress, of Cupid and the Graces.' Now with whatever undue warmth Dr. Brown may have spoken of Reid's efforts against the ideal system, he here evidently refers to his mistaken

interpretation of the moderns; and so far we think Dr. Brown is quite right. We can very well remember (having read Locke very attentively before we read Reid), how astonished we were at what at first appeared to be the perversity with which the Scotch philosopher interpreted many of the obviously metaphorical expressions of our great countryman. When we afterwards understood Reid's character better, we regarded it merely as a singular delusion; but it then appeared, and still appears to us, a most monstrous one.

The section entitled 'The Train of Thought and the Mental Faculties,' is for the most part truly excellent. In this he gives a brief, but very clear account of the controversy respecting the nature of general terms. We are rejoiced to see that he exposes what has always appeared to us the singularly superficial reasoning of Stuart on this subject, and evidently coincides with the opinion of Dr. Brown, whose lectures upon it form one of the most valuable parts of his voluminous course. The monstrous absurdities of the realists had been long before exposed, but the scarcely less enormous errors of the nominalists still required detection. The following remarks are much to the purpose:

'Mr. Stuart ranks himself with the nominalists, or those who deny we can reason concerning genera without the medium of language. But this is a strange and obvious, though frequent error; we must reason concerning genera before language is formed, and in order that language may be formed; we cannot name that which we cannot think of; classes must be formed previous to general appellations; we must determine whether an individual belongs to the class, before we can determine whether the common name of the class can be rightly applied to it.

'The great mistake of Mr. Stuart, and the nominalists, consists in considering language as necessary to a train of thought, whereas it is thought that is necessary to language. Without thought we could have no classification; without classification, no general terms. The modifying one single word (and this might be applied to many discussions and endless disputes) would have set every thing right. If, instead of affirming that we think *solely* by means of language, it had been affirmed that we think *chiefly* by means of language, there would have been no dissentients, and the doctrine and its inferences would have been the more correctly limited. As it is, Mr. Stuart lays far too definite a stress on language as the instrument of thought. If the doctrine of the nominalists were true, the maxim of Condillac would be true likewise, 'L'art de raisonner se réduit à une langue bien faite.' But though there is much truth in this, there is much more truth in the converse. If to speak well is to reason well, it is still more just, that to think right is to speak right. He, who had the most felicitous choice of words, of all writers, Horace, justly affirms,

'Scribendi rectê, sapere est et principium et fons.'

—pp. 260, 261.

Mr. Douglas in many parts of his book, but more especially in this section, speaks of a power or faculty which he says has been 'scarcely ever noticed by philosophers,' and to which he gives the name of the *constructive* faculty; or the power which the mind possesses of combining its perceptions, thoughts, and feelings; which combinations are, to the mental philosopher, the subjects of analysis. We much doubt whether there was any necessity for this new term, and still more whether it indicates any power of the mind which has not been often noticed, or involves any phenomena which are not resolvable into a combination of those principles which had already been subjected to a pretty close analysis, and received appropriate names. But as Mr. Douglas has not fully developed his views on this point, nor precisely explained the nature and limits of this faculty or power, we abstain from any further remarks. In a future edition, we hope Mr. Douglas will say more upon it.

One of the least satisfactory sections to us is that on 'Reasoning and Logic.' Our author still insists on the old-fashioned objections of Campbell, Reid, and Stuart against logic (founded principally on the follies of those who exorbitantly magnified its province and its utility), without paying sufficient attention to the replies of Whately; replies founded on a more correct investigation of its nature, and on a more distinct and modest statement of its objects. It is true that Mr. Douglas has read Dr. Whately's 'Treatise,' for he speaks of it as 'an admirable' one; though how a treatise can be an admirable one on a subject on which Mr. Douglas expresses himself in such terms as follows, is to us a matter of surprise. He says: 'It has been doubted whether logic is an art or a science. Dr. Whately decides that it is both. It is, indeed, as much the one as the other,—it is the science of a self-evident truism; and the art, without understanding any subject, of disputing upon all.'

We are far from being disposed to over-estimate the utility of logic, even when its objects and purposes are ever so strictly and carefully defined. Within the narrow limits, however, to which a correct investigation of its nature will ever restrict it, we believe it is of considerable value, and that so far as its proper objects are concerned, no other department of science can supply its place. We would illustrate our meaning thus:—

It is quite true, as the opponents of logic contend, that by far the greater number of fallacies are owing to the ambiguities, or various and indeterminate meanings of terms. But still there *are* fallacies—say one in ten, one in twenty, one in thirty, or in any other proportion, (we care not what,) which do not arise at all from the meaning of the terms, but from false inference; from haste and inaccuracy in deducing the conclusion from the premises. Now, of all such fallacies, logic, undoubtedly, gives us

an effectual *test*; a test which will enable us to detect logical inaccuracies, whether in our own reasonings, or in those of others. Now we contend that, if this were the sole benefit which logic conferred, it would be well worth the very moderate pains and industry necessary to secure such a knowledge of it as should be practically useful. And, by the bye, we must observe, that even in Dr. Whately's book, much, in our estimation, might have been dispensed with. The old technical system, in all its completeness, was far too cumbersome and artificial, and justified the objection that, to learn it thoroughly, would cost more time and trouble than would be repaid by any occasional benefits the knowledge would confer. Not so with a knowledge of the general structure of the syllogism; of the only valid forms of it; and of the most usual species of fallacy.

If this, then, were the only benefit as it is the only *direct* benefit which logic secures, we think it would be well worthy of *some* attention. But it is not the only one. Though it is not the proper office of any science effectually to guard us against the ambiguity or indeterminate meaning of every term, logic is *indirectly*, even in this respect, of considerable use; and that not merely by habituating the mind to pay particular attention to the meaning of terms, whether the fallacy be in the premises or in illogical inference from them, but still more by disclosing the *source* of the fallacy, which can hardly fail to appear upon the very attempt to throw the argument into the form of syllogism. Whatever the nature of the fallacy, whether it be purely in the premises or in the reasoning, it almost always arises from the *abridged forms* in which, in ordinary discourse and writing, we express our reasonings. Commonly one of the premises is suppressed; or the order of conclusion and premiss is frequently inverted; in that case a totally different set of particles being employed to mark the connexion. Often one of the propositions of an argument shall itself be a long *conditional* proposition, involving in itself an abridged syllogism, and requiring distinct analysis. The involution becomes still greater in the more complex forms of dilemma, and in that form of argument called 'Sorites.' The disguises of fallacy are still further increased by the mere varieties of grammatical construction, into which the different propositions may be thrown. Sometimes the conclusion, or the premiss, may be expressed in a bold apostrophe or a startling interrogatory, prefaced with, 'Who can deny it?' Lastly, the premises and the conclusion are very generally separated, the interval being filled up by one or more parenthetical sentences or clauses, all tending, however, to give the fallacy an additional chance of concealment. Now it is, in such cases, that the test which logic supplies becomes principally of value; and indeed, fallacies when thus tested, become so transparent, that the

illustrations introduced into logical books, (which, by the bye, have generally been exceedingly ill-selected,) have often raised a laugh at logic as the art of discovering what every body already knows. But as fallacies meet us in books, they assume a much more formidable appearance; and the principal use of the syllogism as a test, is to enable us to detect them, and to throw them into that very form in which they are laughed at as arguments so plainly illogical, that nobody could possibly be deceived by them. Nor is it uncommon to see a somewhat muddle-headed man—who would certainly be one of the first to admit an artfully disguised fallacy—contemptuously proclaiming, when once expressed in full, the absurdity of supposing that any body could be deluded by it. Such conduct reminds one of Hogarth's picture of Columbus breaking the egg.

As Whately well observes, the chief danger of fallacy lies in the abridged form in which ordinary reasoning is necessarily carried on. Mr. De Morgan has also afforded some good illustrations of this point in his 'First Notions of Logic preparatory to the Study of Geometry.' 'It is in such propositions,' says he, 'that the greatest danger of error lies. It is also in such propositions that men convey opinions which they would not willingly express. Thus, the honest witness who said, 'I always thought him a respectable man—he kept his gig!'—would probably not have admitted, in direct terms, 'Every man who keeps a gig must be respectable.'

'I shall now give a few detached illustrations of what precedes. 'His imbecility of character might have been inferred from his 'proneness to favorites; for all weak princes have this failing.' 'The preceding would stand very well in history, and many would pass it over as containing very good inference. Written, however, in the form of a syllogism, it is, 'All weak princes are prone to favorites—he was prone to favorites; therefore, he was a weak prince,' which is palpably wrong. The writer of such a sentence as the preceding might have meant to say, 'For all who have this failing are weak princes;' in which case he would have inferred rightly. Every one should be aware that there is much false inference arising out of badness of style, which is just as injurious to the habits of the untrained reader, as if the errors were mistakes of logic in the mind of the writer.'

Mr. Douglas triumphantly adduces the admissions of Whately; that Logic does *not* 'obviate difficulties in the use of language;' that it is *not* 'an engine for the investigation of nature;' that it 'does *not* furnish a peculiar method of reasoning, &c.'—all which constituted the fallacious arguments of Campbell, Reid, and Stuart; and the supposition that they should have any weight affords, in fact, a good instance of our liability to be deceived by abridged forms of reasoning, and of the value of the syllogistic test. For

when such arguments as the above are examined, it is found that their conclusiveness rests on a suppressed premiss, which we are inclined to think few would be disposed to admit. 'That no science or art is useful but such as is a means of investigating nature;' that 'no science or art is useful but what obviates the ambiguities and equivocations of language;' that 'no science or art is useful but what furnishes us with a peculiar method of reasoning,' are propositions which, though essential to the soundness of the above arguments against logic, are propositions which would not find favor in Mr. Douglas's eyes, nor in those of any one else. Logic may be useful or not, but if *useless*, it is not to be proved so by showing that it does *not* do what lies out of its province; what it never pretends to do; what belongs to other arts and sciences, or, perhaps, to no art or science whatever; but by distinctly showing that it does not tend to effect the *specific* object which it professes to effect, or that that object is a useless one. If, indeed, we were instituting a *comparison* between the utility of logic and that of some other art or science, such arguments as the above might find place, but not otherwise. The logic of Aristotle, even if it had been never abused, could never do for the world what the inductive philosophy of Bacon has done. But it by no means follows from this that it is *useless*. A spade is not so useful as a plough, but it is impossible, so far as the spade is useful, that the plough should supply its place.

As to the section on 'Freedom and the Will,' though we believe we fully agree with the sentiments of Mr. Douglas, we think it is far too brief and trenchant for so important a subject; that standing on the vantage ground, which a very prolonged discussion of the subject by so many master minds has given us, he has not done sufficient justice to previous writers; that, admitting with him, as we fully do, that much needless obscurity has arisen from the terms 'necessary, necessity,' &c., and that the words 'certain and certainty' would have been far better, we cannot see that the substitution of these latter terms would have made the matter so very plain and simple as he apprehends; and that if these terms were uniformly substituted, this great question would still involve a mystery which will for a long time, and perhaps for ever, (at least in this world) overshadow and perplex it. We must beg leave to explain ourselves; and we will endeavor to do it in as few sentences as possible.

We quite agree with Mr. Douglas that the very question as to the freedom of the will, is an improper one; since freedom properly belongs to *action*. Freedom can only mean, properly, a power of acting or not acting according to the decisions of the will; and as our author properly remarks, 'the question of the freedom of the will can only be interpreted, whether the will wills as it wills.' He also quotes with deserved approbation the words

of Locke, who calls it 'that long agitated, and, I think, unreasonable, because unintelligible question, whether man's will be free or no; for, if I mistake not, it follows from what I have said, that the question itself is altogether improper; and it is as insignificant to ask whether man's will be free, as to ask whether his sleep be swift, or his virtue square; liberty being as little applicable to the will, as swiftness of motion is to sleep, or squareness to virtue.' He also quotes with approval Jonathan Edwards's well-known sentiment that, 'to talk of liberty, or the contrary, as belonging to the very will itself, is not to speak good sense.' It is plain also, from what follows, that our author substantially agrees with the writers who take Edwards's side of the question, only blaming them for an abuse of terms. He strenuously affirms, that the mind is not exempted from the 'law of causation;' that, therefore, 'the same certainty, though not the same necessity,' attends the phenomena of mind, as those of matter. He also, though briefly yet satisfactorily, shows by Edwards's arguments, that the liberty for which the opponents of this doctrine contend, is a chimera and absurdity. Still he says, 'as is usual in disputes, both parties are in the wrong;' though it must be confessed, that his censure falls far less heavily on the advocates of moral necessity than on the claimants of an impossible and irrational liberty. He merely blames the one party for abusing terms, and pleads for the substitution of others as 'certainty' for 'necessity,' and so on. This proposition, however, is no novelty; nor if it were, do we think the expedient would make so material a difference in the controversy as to justify him in charging the great advocates of this side of the question with serious errors. For, first; many other writers have expressed a wish that such substitution could have been effected; secondly, some of the very writers he blames have used the terms 'necessity' and 'necessary,' &c. expressly because these terms have entered so largely into the controversy, that it is almost impossible to avoid them. Thirdly; the best of these writers have so explained the sense and guarded the meaning which they attached to these words, that no candid and intelligent person can possibly misunderstand them; and fourthly; it is more easy to recommend the disuse of such terms than to abide by it; since nothing is more common, even in popular language, than the transfer to mind of terms which, in strictness, are applicable only to the phenomena of matter, to mark the certainty of the connexion between cause and effect. Thus we say of one man, whose moral habits are fixed and inveterate, that he cannot be generous; and of another, that he cannot keep from drink. The great thing is, undoubtedly, to fence and guard the terms from misconstruction. However desirable, therefore, the proposed substitution may be, and we admit its desirableness, it is not necessary for a full appreciation of the merits of the controversy.

We think the substitution very desirable in order to obviate the prejudices of the captious or the dull-sighted; but we cannot admit that the great writers on this subject have been, as from Mr. Douglas's language we should almost suppose them to have been, groping in the dark for want of this wonder-working change. 'What is chiefly objectionable,' says Mr. Douglas, 'in Edwards's Treatise, is the improper use of terms; alter a few words, and the whole will appear so simple and reasonable that, at least nine-tenths of the work might be dispensed with.' This appears to us a very extravagant assertion. Mr. Douglas should have recollected that, half of Edwards's Treatise is taken up in the *disproof* of the theories of various classes of his opponents; and, though it is very easy now-a-days for Mr. Douglas to throw deserved ridicule on that impossible liberty for which such opponents contended, it was strenuously maintained by many writers previous to the appearance of Edwards's Treatise. Nor even as to the rest of that Treatise, can we flatter ourselves that the time is yet come when the simple substitution for which Mr. Douglas contends, would make it so palatable to the generality of readers, as to render nine-tenths of it superfluous.

For ourselves, we are astonished, we confess, that Mr. Douglas should appear to suppose that this exchange of terms, however desirable on the grounds above stated, would be so miraculously efficacious; or that he should *seem* to speak as if there would then be no great mystery any longer connected with the question. It is true that we feel even while we admit the doctrine of the *certainly* of volition, that we are still responsible for our actions, and this we should feel even if we retained the word necessity; we feel that so long as we are under no external restraint, that is, so long as we do what we do *willingly*, we have freedom of action; that if in addition to this freedom from external restraint with regard to an action, we have the knowledge of duty, that is, that we *ought* to act in such and such a way; we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of responsibility. Wherever, therefore, these separate elements concur,—a knowledge of *how* we ought to act, and an entire freedom from external coercion or restraint,—they immediately suggest the idea of responsibility, though it may still be ever so true that volition will certainly be as is the conjoint influence of the understanding, of the passions, and of external circumstances. But though we may thus enumerate the conditions of responsibility, though we cannot conceive that any more should be necessary to constitute it, and though we cannot but feel that where they concur in the same being, that being is responsible; this is a very different thing from demonstrating how it is that these conditions harmonize with the great fact that volition will certainly follow the law of causation! We *feel* that there must be some mode of harmonizing them, but we cannot demonstrate

what it is; in other words, a mystery still remains. For, that a being all whose acts and resolves will *certainly* be as the conjoint influence of character and external circumstances, shall be held responsible for those acts and resolves, and yet that he should have had nothing whatever to do with the initiatory steps of the great series of acts which are to form the tissue of his life; that by the time he comes to be a responsible agent at all, his moral character should be *set*, or at least have received its general complexion, and in every case been subjected to far more important influences than will operate upon it at any after period of life; that he should be responsible for effects which *certainly* flow from their causes, though he has had no control over the causes; all this we say presents a stupendous mystery, for which the mere substitution of the word 'certainty' for 'necessity,' by no means delivers us, and from which we can only ultimately take refuge by referring ourselves to the irrepressible conviction,—a conviction which we cannot shake off,—that we are responsible for all those moral acts which we perform with a knowledge of duty and in entire freedom from external restraint; no matter what our previous history up to that moment; or what the conjoint influences which have operated upon us, and given our character its shaping and complexion. Let the doctrine of Edwards be ever so certain—and that doctrine seems our only escape from the most unmitigated absurdities and contradictions—it by no means invalidates these conclusions. To show *how* it harmonizes with them is a far different thing. To do this would indeed be fully to lift the veil from this great mystery.—No objection, however, on a moral ground, fairly lies against the doctrine of the dependence of volition on causation, in other words, against moral necessity, so long as it is felt that (whether it be admitted or not) he who possesses at the time of any act of a moral nature, a knowledge of duty and freedom from physical constraint, is responsible for that act. This we cannot but feel, and this it is probable is all that we know or are likely to know about the matter.*

The sections entitled 'Theory of Morals' and 'Religion,' are both very short, much shorter than we could wish, or than the importance of the subjects deserved. Yet short as they are, we have left ourselves no space to comment on the many things we approve in them, or the few things that we should dispute. We should not, however, be doing justice to our author, and we should assuredly be robbing the reader of a high gratification if we withheld the following beautiful and forcible observations on

* The reader will find some further remarks on this subject in the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Jonathan Edwards, by Professor Rogers.—p. xxxiii.

the deficiencies of natural religion even 'in its best estate,' and on the affecting stolidity and apathy, the lamentable tranquillity with which a large class of philosophers regard those deficiencies, neither asking for nor caring about a 'more excellent way.'

'The light of natural religion does not grow brighter and brighter unto perfect day—it is most full and complete at the first. It indicates the divine existence more clearly than the divine attributes; and less evidently the moral attributes, than what are termed the natural attributes. Fewer objections occur to the divine wisdom than to the divine benevolence, and the proofs of justice and of holiness in the Deity are less to be sought in the external world, where we trace, indeed, a plan of divine government, but only in its faint outlines and early commencement. We must seek these in the mind of man, and that mind so disturbed and disordered, and in our moral feelings, so complex and evanescent as to escape from the examination of many inquirers themselves; how much less likely are they to lead these inquirers to the same characters, in a transcendent degree, in the author of our frame.

'What a proof of the necessity of revelation, is the philosophy of so moral a writer as Stuart. The notice of revelation is scrupulously avoided, as if that heavenly light, once admitted, would put out the grosser and earthly fires which we have kindled, as the only beacons to guide ourselves in the darkness of this world. The great aim of many moral philosophers is avowedly and determinedly to close their philosophic shutters against the meridian sun, in order to enjoy by day, the flickering light of their slender tapers.

'Stuart confesses, with respect to the immortality of the soul, that not any single argument that he adduces, is conclusive—all that he hopes is, to make up by their number, for their want of weight. He assigns as proofs, first, the desire of immortality; second, the fear of immortality, or the effects of remorse; third, the formation of the soul for immortality; fourth, the growth of moral habits; fifth, the imperfect administration of justice on this side the grave; sixth, and last, universal belief. We agree with Stuart, that these arguments conjoined are sufficient to prove the doctrine of immortality in the calmness of reason, and in the absence of temptation; but how little effect would such arguments have on the generality of mankind. Even to those who adopt them, immortality is proved, but not revealed—they may believe that they shall live, after the dissolution of the body, but how or where, they have still to seek, after the utmost force of all these six arguments combined is exhausted.

'Neither does Stuart's reasoning throw more light upon the character of the Deity. That a wise and powerful Being exists, is proved with comparative ease; but what are his thoughts to us-ward, and in what relation shall we stand to him after death? On this all important subject Stuart throws no light, and seems, for any thing that appears to the contrary, to take but little interest in the inquiry.

'With respect to the general laws of nature, Stuart observes, 'their

tendency will be found in every instance favourable to order and happiness.' If we meet with apparent exceptions, then we have only to 'acknowledge that the ways of Providence are unsearchable, and we must strive to fortify our minds by the pious hope, that the sufferings we endure at present, are subservient to some beneficial plan which we are unable to comprehend.' Stuart takes comfort where few besides would find it—'The common complaint that we hear of the prevalence of vice in the world (I mean the opinion of good and candid men on the subject, for I speak not at present of the follies of the splenetic and censorious), ought rather to be considered as proofs of the high standard of excellence presented to our view by the Author of our moral constitution, than as proofs of any peculiar degeneracy in the manners of our cotemporaries.' He subsequently adds, 'A distinction which I shall afterwards have occasion to illustrate between absolute and relative rectitude, will enable me to explain away a much greater proportion of the apparent wickedness of our species.' It is melancholy to consider a professor of morals and an instructor of youth, not only sedulously shutting his eyes under the full blaze of that illumination which has brought life and immortality to light, but encouraging others also to rejoice in sparks of their own kindling, rather than to hail at once the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing on his wings. And that one, whose office it was to point out the sources and distinctions of morality, should have endeavoured to perplex so plain a question as the fallen condition of humanity, which even the heathens acknowledged, and the more eminent moralists among them made the groundwork of their philosophy.—pp. 369—372.

On the whole, though we think this volume very disproportioned in extent to the multiplicity and magnitude of the subjects it embraces (and what other defects it has are in a great measure owing to this); though it does not contain much of novelty in speculation, and though no inconsiderable deductions are to be made from some of its statements; yet we also think it on many grounds, well worthy of the perusal of every student of mental science; principally, however, for the elegance and perspicuity with which our author states, and the felicity with which he illustrates the more familiar truths of the science. It has at all events the comparatively rare merit of investing an abstract subject with beauty and elegance of style, and of not being what most books on metaphysics are—a *dry* one.

Art. IV. *Rural Sketches.* By THOMAS MILLER, Author of a 'Day in the Woods,' 'Beauties of the Country,' 'Royston Gower,' &c. 8vo. pp. 358. London: John Van Voorst.

IT is now the time of the year for those who are wearied at the roar of business, and adust with the heat and crush of enormous London, filled as it is at this moment with pleasures and fascinations, with pleasure-seekers and enchanted multitudes, with music and exhibitions of paintings, and the thousand objects of vivid interest to those who only catch a glimpse of them for a brief period, and now and then in the course of their lives; filled from end to end with the eager swarm of politicians, with the advocates of religious and philanthropic schemes of social and moral progression, their committees, and their public meetings, day after day,—to begin to think of the green retreats of the country. Even those whose lives are spent there, and who are now brought to town for a short season by the pressure of public business, or the stirring calls of humanity, as they pace the hot pavements of the metropolis, or jostle amid the dense crowd on the shady side of the street, catch sweet glimpses of the blue sky overhead, or feel a fresh breeze come up from some opening from the river, and think how delicious the country is now. They are carried by a moment's imagination away to their own hills and fields, and quiet country towns, which with their intermingled gardens and trees, are themselves more than half country; where from their town windows they can glance over woods and rivers, and see birds soaring through the blue air, or white sails filled with the sea-breeze. They are borne away from the brick walls around them, and the roar of men and vehicles in grinding dissonance to the most green and sunny and flowery quiet. They see meadows carpeted with the richest mosaic of all colours which the sun can call forth on the rejoicing bosom of the earth; they hear the nightingale and blackbird singing in their copses and shrubberies, and the dews which lie on the smooth lawns, and on banks where the long-blooming primrose is yet but just fading; how delicious they are. Hundreds, satiated with the crowding enjoyments of London, wearied with its exertions, and bearing with them the calm delightful sense of high duties discharged, will quit town a day or two sooner for such bewitching fancies, and such we recommend to carry in their pockets Thomas Miller's *Rural Sketches*. They will be just in the true temper to enjoy them; their temporary whirl through the great national vortex will have sharpened their perceptions of the actual features of rural life, which constant gazing may have only dulled. They may pull them out as they skim away from the smoke of London towards their own green retreats

in the railway coach, and they will soon exclaim, 'Well, London is a wonderful place, but the country for me after all.' To these happy mortals, and to those whom the perpetual living in town gives an annual calenture, and who begin to hunger and thirst after a run into the country as naturally as salmon run up the rivers, or eels run down them to the sea; we say, put 'The Rural Sketches' into your portmanteau, and seat yourselves under a green tree, or on a crag overjetting the sea, a hundred miles off, as soon as you can. Steam-engines are coughing and fuming with impatience, on railroads and in packets, to whisk you to any corner of the kingdom, and there is not a corner which is not now a paradise. Autumn may give you steadier weather and dustier roads, but the full *freshness* of the country is only to be experienced now. All is flowery and verdurous; the nightingale has not yet quitted England; the cuckoo may yet be heard; and the music of the lark, the blackbird, and the thrush, which at a later period, will be hushed, is still ringing from the woods and fields. Spring is scarcely gone; the tender youth of the summer is, in fact, but spring in its prime.

It is almost cruel to undeceive the fashionable world by stating these facts, as its members have all fled away from their rural homes *to spend the winter in town*, and doubtless imagine that the country is, and will continue to be, most naked, desolate, and dismal, till the breaking up of the season in July or August, when they will issue forth to enjoy *their* spring amid corn-sheaves and partridge-shooting. It is still more cruel to speak of the real delightfulness of the country to those who fain would, but cannot, get out of town, but are compelled to breathe the hot air of office, warehouse, or parliament, and the only alternative that we can offer them is to seat themselves in a quiet corner at their leisure moments with such a volume as Mr. Miller's, and fancy that they are on a grassy bank, with a blossomed hawthorn above their heads.

It is a satisfaction to us to be able to speak of Mr. Miller's present volume in the manner which we now do. We had occasion to express our dissatisfaction with the execution of a former work from his hands; but we have read his 'Rural Sketches' with the sincerest gratification. They are marked by a very striking improvement of style; and, what is still more important, by a fresh and healthy spirit. Mr. Miller has here thrown himself, as we wish to see him, boldly upon his own resources; we do not mean merely of book-knowledge, though there is no deficiency in that respect, but of that knowledge which belongs peculiarly to a work of this kind—knowledge of the country and of its concerns. He says in his preface:—'My table is spread with the humblest fare; my viands served up in beechen bowl and pewter platter. Therefore, those who can only dine from off vessels of silver and

‘gold, and whose stomachs cannot brook the homeliest food, need not lift up my lowly latch, nor bend their stately bodies to enter my humble doorway.’

That is the true country diet; and we doubt not that many will show themselves ready to partake with him. It is a relief to escape from the artificial splendours of modern life to the rustic roof and the old Sabine simplicity; and that is the true secret of the great success of works of this description. We have, indeed, a particular advantage, as we shall presently show, in exploring the country under the guidance of Mr. Miller. He is sprung from, and grew up amongst, the cottage population of England. Not merely the fields and the woods, but those who labour in them are familiar to him. He has not been merely a spectator of the working class, and therefore seeing only their outward forms and more obvious manners, but he has lived with them, played with them as children, conned with them the same primer at the village school, toiled with them as men; has since seen also the life of the same class in our huge metropolis, though by his talents he has raised himself to associate with men of distinction in literature and in general society. Now, it is such men that we want to have. We want to hear them uttering boldly and candidly their experience. It is from such sources that we must come to a better, because a more real acquaintance with the condition and feelings of that class of our countrymen and countrywomen, which, in fact, almost constitutes the country itself, and which yet has hitherto found only, in few instances, organs for the expression of its sentiments. Those instances, however, though few, are splendid ones, and of a kind almost peculiar to this empire. Bloomfield, Clare, Burns, Hogg, Allan Ramsay, Allan Cunningham, Ebenezer Elliott, are noble proofs of the free genius of this kingdom which permits the power of intellect to burst from all the trammels and disabilities of humble and laborious life, and cast its lustre even on the national name. But we want to have more such instances. We look with a sanguine expectation, as education diffuses itself through the ranks of the laboring population, for much of that talent which has hitherto lain buried beneath a mountain of sordid cares, or has expended itself in manual ingenuity, or the clamour of political discontent; to show itself in the exposition of the genuine character of the toiling millions, in the exposition of their real feelings, their wants, their desires. The field of cultivated intellect has hitherto been, comparatively, very partial; but education, under present facilities, must, ere long, make it commensurate with the population; and when all that immensity of yet waste ground shall feel the living ploughshare of active knowledge, who shall calculate the consequences? The germs of intellect and genius are, no doubt, scattered as equally amongst mankind as the other goods of Providence, and education must

stimulate them into action. Writers will no longer be confined to the middle and higher classes, but will start up from the mighty mass, eloquent with their wrongs, their neglects, the hopes and aspirations, which will become the heritage of the whole social family, as they have hitherto been that of the wealthier portion.

But we look for still higher influences from this quarter. We look to the people as they become more intellectual, for the renovation of our literature; for the infusion of new and more healthful blood into the literary system; for a more manly and more expansive growth of human sentiment and sympathy. The wealthier classes of this country are living under the constant pressure of most enervating and pernicious influences. Luxury, rivalry in splendor and expenses, the soothing amenities of the flatteries which everywhere follow affluence and rank, the distractions of an almost incessant dissipation, these causes cannot and do not fail to soften the sinews and the frame of aristocracy, both physically and mentally; and to destroy that stern and simple taste which distinguished our fathers. The first striking consequence of this state of things is the establishment of social maxims, and an etiquette which shall ward off painful knowledge, and prevent the rude snapping of the Sybaritic dream of pleasure. Hence the universally accepted principle, as the basis of social life, that nothing shall be said which can possibly disturb the equanimity of any person present. The conversation in any circle of what is termed good society, is avowedly so lowered as to meet every intellect except the high and healthy ones, and to accord with the most depraved taste. This condition of society has even been highly applauded by an American writer, Mr. Willis, in his 'Pencilings by the Way,' as the very perfection of social existence. But thus, they whom Lord Byron justly and from experience termed—

'Minions of splendour shrinking from distress,'

are doomed to remain so, unless hastily startled from without. In this country, rent by so many contending interests, so fearfully artificial in its position, and with millions of desperate people clammering for change—no voice, were it not for the press, but that of adulation, could penetrate the brilliant saloons of the titled. But the press, again is made a second barrier against the intrusion of truth. It has set up its own champions to defend the silken slumbers of affluence, and the daring proclaimers of the actual state of things abroad are looked on as vulgar and seditious democrats, are carefully shut out, and journals and books with the requisite and only admissible imprimatur, are to be found on the breakfast and drawing-room tables of fashion. It were to be wished that the spirit of the middle classes was sufficient to coun-

teract this evil, and that the mass of writers who are of the middle class, would pour into the libraries and boudoirs of the aristocracy sound knowledge and healthy sentiment; but unfortunately, the middle classes are desperately infected with the mania of the circles above them. The whole tendency of society is upwards, not in the quest of truth, but in quest of *ton*. There is no truer axiom of political economy, than that the demand of a market will regulate the supply; and unluckily the writers who have to supply books, find the best market amongst the wealthy. Hence the great circulation of the *Quarterly Review*, hence the daily outpouring of fashionable novels from the manufacturers of Colburn and Bentley, hence the miserable exposures of domestic broils in 'Cheveley's,' 'Men of Honour,' and 'Women of Honour.' It is not possible to describe a more fearful and disgusting condition of popular literature than that of England at the present moment—the literature by which the multitude of the wealthy and idle is daily fed. The gin-palaces of the poor are dreadful, but the literary gin-palaces of the rich are ten-fold more so. And whence is the remedy to come? There is no hope but from the education and the growing spirit of the people. They are freed from all these influences. Except in the dense and corrupted throngs of cities and manufacturing towns, and even there for the greater part—a simple taste—a healthy feeling, an undepraved moral sense still continues. Every one who has had occasion to address large bodies, knows how promptly and how truly the working classes respond to generous and just sentiments. It is from these classes, and from the middle classes backed and supported by these, and in some degree even reformed and saved by them from the deleterious influences we have just recounted, that the salvation of English literature and English morals must come. When the people are once educated, they will be a mighty majority, a majority that will be felt through all society in their applause of virtue and honest talent, and in their censure of evil. What we have therefore to do is to give all possible impetus to the general education of the people, and to take by the hand its writers as they rise.

It is with this feeling that we have taken up the present volume of Mr. Miller. With talents which need no reference to their origin or progress, in order to make their way, he has always had the manly sense to announce himself as of the people. He has told the world that it was while working as a journeyman basket-maker, that he became ambitious of distinguishing himself as an author; and it must, we think, considerably heighten the interest of the reader, as he goes through this book, that it is the production of such a man. The pictures of country life in this work, we can assure our city friends, are the life themselves, and such only

as a man born and brought up in a village could have given us. To us who know something of the people and dialect of the district more particularly referred to, they bring many pleasing recollections of primitive manners, modes of thinking, and of speaking too. The contemplation of the homely virtues and trials of our cottage life must be good for all, and the assurance that so much kindness amongst the rural poor, as this volume supposes is yet in existence, is consoling to our best feelings. We will take as our first extract, a passage or two from the very opening of the volume :

HOME REVISITED.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting,
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my home.

SHAKESPEARE.

'The commonest objects become endeared to us by absence ; things which we before scarcely deigned to notice, are then found to possess strange charms, bringing to the memory many a forgotten incident, and to the heart many an old emotion, to which they had been dormant for years. Never did these thoughts and feelings come upon me more strongly than when, a few months ago, I left London to visit my native home ; to place my feet upon the very hearthstone by which I had sat when a boy. Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the dreamy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered.

'The old house was still the same, and everything it contained seemed to stand in the very position that it occupied twenty years ago ; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable ; but the alteration was more in myself than the objects I looked upon.

'I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days ; it seemed to have lost that clear, sharp clicking with which it saluted mine ears when a child, and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which ornament the old clock face, until fancy began to trace a resemblance between myself and them. In former days they looked bright and gladsome ; they seemed not to bend under the huge load they supported ; but now they have a care-worn look about them, and what they seemed once to bear with a playful grace, now hangs upon them like a burden ; their brows too seemed heavy, as if they had passed away long years in painful thought. The gilt balls which decorate the tall case, were tarnished ; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjured

them, were gone ; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed ; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time ; they seemed weary with long watching ; they could no longer keep the firm foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked on those ancient figures, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my playfellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields,—they warned me that it was nearly the hour for the delivering of letters, and I became anxious to hear from those whom I had left nearly two hundred miles behind me ;—another home, and other cares came before me. I called memory a coward for thus reverting to the past. I summoned him before me, and he stood up in my own likeness ; a boy who had seen but twelve summers. *I looked upon him, and saw that he was unworthy the notice of Care ; that Sorrow disdained to buckle her load upon his back ; but gave him his own thoughts for playthings to amuse himself with, till he could learn the great game of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for like a lowly plant, he had no bulk to oppose to its might, and had, only after long years become a work for the storm, with bole and branches strong enough to wrestle against its power. 'The finger of heaven,' exclaimed I, 'guideth all things aright.'*

My eye fell upon the old mirror into which I had looked twenty years ago, on which I had gazed when a child, and marvelled how another fire and another room could stand within the compass of so small a frame. It gave me neither flattery nor welcome, but gravely threw me back, seated by the same hearth which I had so often scrawled over with the mis-shapen figures of men and monsters, when a boy. We confronted each other with a familiar boldness, as if proud that we had stood the wear-and-tear of time so well. We looked seriously, but not unkindly upon each other. The image in the mirror seemed as if it would have accosted me, and had much to utter, but its lips became compressed, as if it scorned to murmur. It gave back another form for a moment ; a lovely maiden stood arranging her ringlets before it ; but that was only fancy, for I remembered she had long been dead. The very crack which I had made along the old looking-glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed like a land-mark dividing the past from the present. I could have moralized for hours on that old mirror.

On the wall hung the large slate on which I ventured to write my first couplet. What I then wrote was easily obliterated : my ragged jacket cuff was the willing critic that passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone all the brighter after the deed. I knew not that such men as authors lived ; every book was taken up without a suspicion of its lacking truth ; and strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out to my playmates the queer rings which the fairies had made on the grass ; tell them the very colors which the elfins wore ; or show them a valley

which resembled that wherein Sinbad gathered his diamonds. Ignorance was then bliss indeed!

'Beside the slate hung the old valentine, which had been addressed to my mother when a girl. My glance shifted from the picture to herself, and I tried in vain to recal the day when she received it. Her grave features mocked every effort of my fancy, nor could I imagine there was even a time when she ran laughing to her gay companions to show her new valentine. Her venerable grey hairs, her deeply-furrowed brows, over which many a sorrow had trod, seemed too solemn ever to have unbended over those hearts and flowers, and that curious scissor-work, which must have been the labor of many a long hour. The very writing had become yellow. I wondered if she ever thought of her 'old sweetheart' when she rubbed off the dust from the glass on a Saturday,—a task which she had done regularly for above forty years.

'Then, there was that old tea-board, with the stately lady in a garden on the centre, herself overtopping every tree. But that tray was only used on rare occasions, real 'white-cake days,' when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the mended china was handed carefully from the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I hoped some day to see broken, that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white table was still in the same place; and its long drawer seemed at last to have found rest; tops, marbles, and fishing-tackle, which it was opened a score of times a day to rummage for, were all gone; there is no danger now of running fish-hooks into their fingers when they open it. Robinson Crusoe and Robin Hood's Garland are gone. That old drawer was a true index to my mind in those days;—they who looked therein might discover the true taste of its occupier; old and worm-eaten as it now may seem, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the works of Shakspeare and Milton.

'How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dry crust from the large bread-crock, which yet stands upon the old table; Shakspeare, or a volume of Scott's immortal novels; a day of sunshine—and that a holiday—and I had but to traverse a single street, enter Foxby-lane, and bury myself in the woods to reach my own heaven. No pride; no ambition; no object; poverty was never felt, and therefore unknown; so long as the bread-crock furnished forth its crust, all was pleasure, for the clear brook in the wood was never dry. Ariel passed not a happier life than mine under 'the blossomed bough.'

'And have I forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And, oh! pardon me, if for a moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions which I had gathered in those lonely solitudes had been wafted to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodlands with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have 'blessed them unawares.'

There is something very beautiful in this return under these

circumstances to the rustic birth-place of the writer, who had gone thence years before with no better hope than earning his daily bread by his humble trade, and came back to it having achieved an honorable distinction in the literature of his country. In no other nation, not even excepting British America, could this have happened: and besides this, the testimony to the pure and ennobling influences of the beautiful scenes of nature on the youthful mind, has rarely been more strongly demonstrated. The picture of the old cottage, too, in its years of unbroken quiet, and its aged inhabitant mechanically from day to day maintaining the solitary punctuality of her habits, is perfect. Having given the old cottage, let us now present such a scene in one as we have ourselves witnessed more than once. Two young folks are going to be married, and their parents have met to settle matters for them. 'There is 'no stiffness, no ceremony in such business as this; they mean 'well, and have no secrets on either side; and although there are 'no lawyers employed, no deeds to draw up or sign, there are 'many things to discuss.'

'I got next to nought to give 'em,' said the old man, withdrawing the pipe from his lips, and looking at his wife, as if in expectation of some reply, 'Thirty years have I and my old Kate been married, and during that time we've toiled and moiled and scratted a few things together, and managed to pay we're way, and bring we're children up like honest men and women. Thank the Lord! we have always maintained a good character, and if we have'nt grown rich, we have'nt had the werretting of mind to keep up a high head; a right heart and a good conscience have been all that we have had to guard.'

'One's all enough to do,' replied old William, 'so far as that goes, to make all ends meet and tie, as the saying is. But, oh dear! what a blessing it is that we've never had to be ashamed to call we're children one's own..... But let us see what can be done for John and Mary, to give 'em a start in th' world. For my part, my lass,' added he, addressing his wife, 'I think we might spare 'em my old arm-chair;—if thou remembers, my father gave it us when we were married, and its a good un yet, though, mayhap, a little the worse for wear; and I'm sure John would set great store by it for our sakes.'

'Hey, bless 'em! they shall have that, however,' replied the old dame, 'though I shall sorely miss it out o' th' corner, where its stood aboon thirty year.'

'And we,' said old John, looking at Nanny, 'mun e'en give Mary the old rocking-chair; its what thou nursed her in when she was a bairn; and I dare say she'll often think on it when we're dead and gone, when she's rocking her own children in it.'

'And there's them six little pictures up-stairs,' said old William, 'about Ruth and Buzz; they'll cover one side o' the house; and I think we can find 'em a table; then if they buy a yard or two of green-baize and a tea-board, to rear on th' table when its covered, and stick a chair on each side, and hang up Ruth and Buzz (they are colored and

framed) why, you see, there'll be one side of the side-house set out quite respectably at once.'

'And we'll spare 'em our little Dutch weather-house,' said Nanny; 'they'll find it very useful, and very correct; the gentleman always comes out when its going to rain or snow, and the lady when there's going to be fine weather; it will be quite an ornament over the mantel-piece. And we'll buy 'em a bit of a looking-glass of some of those Italian chaps that come about; they're apt to alter one's face a little when one looks in 'em, but I fancy a house looks naked without a bit of a glass; and if they can't raise a fender, they mun make shift with a part of the tire of a wheel; its a capital thing to keep the fire frae burning your toes when you happen to fall asleep beside it.'

'Well, and if they should happen to want one,' said Betty, 'I think I can find them an old cradle; its been shoved under our bed this many a long year. It may want a bit of repair, but any of them basket-making chaps as comes round with a few osiers under their arms, will do it for a penny or twopence, or such a matter. As to pots and pans, they mun buy a kettle, and boil their tatoes in it as well as their tea-watter; it will keep it frae slating, and that's the way we did when we first began housekeeping.'

'Hey, my old lass,' said her husband, 'does thou remember we couldn't raise neither a bed nor a bedstead, but went to Gainsbro' together, and brought a bit of ticking, and begged a few sheaves of straw of Farmer Watson, and knocked up a bed of that mander of ways, until we could turn oursens; and how often I used to repeat them old sayings of my father's; 'first creep and then go;' 'Rome was'nt built in a day;' 'egg before the chicken,' and so on.'

'Hey, my lad, I remember,' responded the old woman, 'we'd a deal of planning and contriving to make ends and corners meet and tie; but we were always happy in spite of bein' poor.'

'There's a large old pictor up stairs they may have,' said Betty; 'it was taken for my mother's likeness, and wan't badly done, only the painter would put a bit of brown color down one cheek, and under her chin. He called it shadow. 'Shadow!' says I, pointing to my mother's cheek, 'isn't this side the same color as t'other, and where has she any black under her chin?' Marry, it looked as if you might set potatoes in it, regularly ditched with dirt, as if a body's face wasn't all of a colour. Then the fool of a painter said, 'If you shut one eye, you'll see a darkish shadow;' so said I, 'If you shut both your own, you'll see nought at all; for it'll be all shadow.' 'Look at mine,' added she, pointing triumphantly to what resembled a large staring doll, but was intended for her own portrait; 'there's no shadow there, but all clear red and white, same as I was when a young woman.' But before they have that pictor of my mother, I'll buy a bit of white paint and do it over the nasty dirt that they call shadow; marry, I'd shadow 'em, if any of those painter-chaps came to take any of my bairns, and made one of their cheeks, and under their eyes and nose and chin, just for all the world as if they'd never touched either soap or water from the day that they were born.'

That is the way in which many of the old people of our simple hamlets start their children in the world, and in which most of the young ones begin it; but Mr. Miller has seen something of the 'ways and means' of the poor in London, and here is the manner in which he contrasts the two estates.

'How different is the life which a woman leads in the country, compared with that spent in a town; the former, if even her husband has but a very moderate income, possesses many enjoyments which the latter seldom attains, unless she be placed now beyond middling circumstances. The London women think it a great treat to spend only a day in the country; to reach Norwood or Greenwich; to take tea at some little roadside cottage, where a board is displayed, announcing, "Tea made, or water boiled;" to them this is a rural treat, a matter to be talked of for days after, when they have retired to their close streets and unhealthy rooms. In the country 'kith and kin' are dispersed in the neighbouring villages; relations meet each other oftener; their visits are extended for a week or two; they have plenty of room to accommodate their friends; the children can run on the common, in the garden, or the fields; there is no fear of their being lost. In London, if one party visits another, (I speak of those in very moderate circumstances,) they are all crammed together in one room; perhaps the party visited lives in lodgings; the children are not permitted to go out for fear of being run over; or they have a bit of a yard to run in (miscalled a garden) where there is scarcely room 'to swing a cat;' where clothes are hung to dry, and often washed over again before night, so thickly are they blackened with falling soot. Thousands of women in London are compelled to do their washing in the small rooms in which they live, and in wet weather to dry their clothes in the same apartments. In the country this is seldom the case, even in what is called wet weather; for only let there come on an interval of dryness, if it be but for an hour or two, and there is so much fresh air, that comes sweeping over the wide heaths and broad meadows, that they are dry 'in next to no time,' to use one of their own phrases. In London, very few of the 'middling sort' of houses have boilers and ovens; they [the inhabitants] rarely know what it is to eat a bit of 'home-made bread;' to enjoy the luxury of a 'baked potato' on a cold night, or a hot cake of their own making. All these things must be done by the baker, and the price of fuel causes the charges to come high; we pay twopence for a dinner baking, which, in the country, is charged but an halfpenny.

'In the country, the meanest cottage has generally an oven and boiler; such is also the case in the small market towns. As to buying bread ready made, they rarely think of such a thing; they generally bake once a-week, and 'on baking days,' have a few 'yeast dumplings' and hot cakes for tea; to eat baker's bread, they say, is like eating money, its 'so swift.' In London, you have to 'put your hand in your pocket,' as the saying is, for every thing you want. Coals are very dear; fire-wood the same; milk is high, and often very inferior; butter fetches a great price, and is sold by the regular pound; rents

are enormous; and potatoes double the price that they are in the agricultural districts. To a family fresh from the country, these things appear serious; they have perhaps been used to live in a good-sized house, for which they paid ten pounds a-year; in London they pay twenty for one much less. In summer-time they bought butter for sixpence or sevenpence a pound; each pound generally weighing twenty ounces; here they must pay a shilling or fourteenpence a pound for any thing good, and have but sixteen ounces to the pound. Coal, too, is much dearer than what it is in the midland counties; there they pay eightpence or ninepence per hundred weight; in London, to buy it in small quantities, the price is double. Milk they could have almost for 'an old song;' often, a pint of the very best for an halfpenny; not half-and-half and sky-blue, but such as the cow had given that fed on cowslips and such sweet grass, that a town-smoked gentleman would almost be tempted to gather a salad out of it. As to fire-wood, every lane, and hedge, and forest-side, abounds with it; and it is wonderful to see what large lumps of dry bread the children will eat after they have been out a few hours to gather their pinafores full of sticks; beside, if you are compelled to buy it, you obtain as much for a penny as will, with care, last a whole week. Potatoes I have known, many a time, to sell for fourpence the peck, or fourteen pence a bushel; not more than a farthing a pound.

'True, greater wages are generally obtained in London than in the country; and those who possess wealth, for the most part, dwell in the suburbs, where they can enjoy either town or country at pleasure.'

Nothing can be truer than this contrast of town and country to the working-class; the most wretched place in the world to the greater portion of the poor is London; and the paradise of the working-man is the country town; so far advanced as to have its mechanic's library, where he can occasionally refresh both body and mind; and its plots of mechanic's gardens, in which he can dig and plant and follow his healthful hobbies in his leisure hours. Mr. Miller's description of the lodger-population of London is not the less true, and is still more curious; it is quite as graphic and less exaggerated than a page of Boz.

'In London, the lodger who occupies a first floor, would scarcely deign to speak to the common people who live in the attics. There is as much difference between the habits of the people who all live under one roof, as there is between the pure aristocrat, and the independent and quiet citizen. He who occupies the third-floor is perhaps a mechanic. He comes home regularly at twelve to dine, gives a single knock, is admitted by his poor but clean-looking wife, wipes his feet, and goes up stairs; first and second-floor doors never, by any possible chance, opening in the meantime. Second-floor comes with a double knock; he dines at one or two; his wife is on nodding terms with first-floor. Sometimes they exchange a 'good morning' with each

other; especially if second-floor is not intimate with the 'common people' up stairs. First-floor dines at three or four, if he is a clerk, or holding some situation under government; he gives a regular 'ran, tan, tan,' for they keep a girl, a little, dirty, begrimed wretch; no matter, it is 'our servant.' The ground-floor people, (generally the landlord and family,) if they chance to be at the window, bow and smile to the first-floor; he is such a respectable man; he pays so regular; has a gallon of spirits at a time; and never such beggarly lots as a quarter of a hundred of coals at once,—disgracing the appearance of the house.'

'Then, perhaps, there are the children of each floor; first, hair platted, riband behind, and long tails; second very tidy indeed; perhaps they put most of their washing out, and can spare more time to look after their children; third-floor, often a dirty face, and sitting on the top-landing eating bread-and-butter, or pulling the coals out of the cupboard while the mother is working.'

We must here end our extracts. We had marked several other passages, especially on the beautiful scenery which Mr. Miller calls the attention of his London readers to, on the Surrey side of the capital, and which he invites them by thousands to visit; and another on the heartlessness and unsatisfying nature of the crowds which get together in London drawing-rooms, and call it gaiety. We have seldom met with more sound sense and sound philosophy than are embodied in his remarks on this subject; and we are glad to think that the writer has had the discrimination to dive into the cause of the evil, and the boldness to point it out. He is not alone in his discovery, or in his sentiments on that head. In London, as in the country, it is by the domestic fireside, and in the select circle of well-chosen friends, that happiness is to be found.

There are many papers to which we would fain turn the eye of the reader. The sketch of Bonny Bell is one of the most original we have seen in any book. The dashing farmer's daughter, galloping to market on horseback, turning all the heads of the young farmers, marrying the unattractive butcher, going down in the world, and the steps by which she goes down, have many examples in the country, but have been rarely sketched. The story of Mary Gray may be placed besides Geoffery Crayon's 'Pride of the Village,' but is told with a more natural sentiment. The Old Coachman is excellent; and Railway Travelling is full of humor. The Old Woodman, the Old Fisherman, and the Country Fair, are all good of their kind. The book is, nevertheless, unequal in its interest and truth, and perhaps the more rational on that account. It bears, however, ample evidence that the mind of the author is working right, throwing off the wild extravagance of some of his former papers, and bearing the best fruits of the serious experience of life. We would point out to him one paper

which he has cruelly marred by a departure from the general good taste of his volume, and that is 'A Stray Chapter.' His remarks on Woman are beautiful; the reverse, given at the suggestion of some shallow fop, is in the very worst style. We would recommend him, by all means, in another edition to strike it out.

We must not dismiss the volume without observing that, like most of Mr. Van Voorst's publications, it is very tastefully embellished. Some of the wood-cuts, as the Cottage on the river-bank in the Old Fisherman; the Village Wedding; the Market Boat; the Room of the Country Justice; and the Moonlight Gibbet Scene in the Haunted House, are particularly beautiful.

Art. V. *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the Most Noble and Renowned English Nation, by the Study and Travel of R. Verstegan.* London: 1673.

THIS title hath the true antique sound; our readers will know its genuineness as the antiquary does that of a first brass of one of the twelve Cæsars—by the ring of the metal. There is something so sonorous, so stately in the enunciation of this blazonry, that the veriest novice in literary heraldry would at once pronounce that nothing so euphonous, so magniloquent could be intended to usher into the lists one of those crestless yeomen of these degenerate days, who has left the more congenial work of delving, and endeavours to career his ill-paced and ill-harnessed hack amongst the steel-clad chargers of ancient chivalry. No; we have lost the very sounds which erst awakened us to noble deeds, and we verily believe that even Garter or Norroy themselves would fail to excite any expectation of valorous and gallant exploits in the breasts of the spectators of our literary tournaments, if they should announce the combatants under the plebeian appellations of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Sam Slick*. We live in the age of little men, little books, ignoble names, and stunted title-pages. In spite of all we hear of the march of intellect, of the growing intelligence of the age; in spite of rail-roads and steam-carriages, yea, even of those intellectual rail-roads and mental steam-carriages which professing to facilitate our progress through the regions of science, do indeed bound over and annihilate the space between ignorance and knowledge, and make both extremes the same; we, who hate penny magazines, and duodecimo cyclopædias, and cabinet libraries, and can read no tracts excepting the quarto tracts of the Cromwellian age; we, who were nourished in our intellectual infancy with the stately folios

hight, 'The Polyolbion' of Drayton, the 'Fairey Queen' of Spencer, the 'Funerall Monuments' of Weever, the 'Titles of Honour' of John Selden, the 'Theatre of Honour' of that incomparable master of ceremonies Anthony Favine, and the 'Complete English Gentleman' of that garrulous cavalier Master Henry Peacham, cannot endure the baby duodecimos meanly wrapped in red or blue linen, which in such preposterous fecundity are daily crowding forth from Paternoster Row and the other lying-in hospitals of literary mendicity, nor behold this swarm of ephemera without being painfully reminded of the locusts in Egypt which immediately preceded the day of universal darkness, and which have in all countries subject to their devastation, been the precursors of famine. We are, perhaps, singular—on many points we are confessedly so, and our friends do remind us of the fact abundantly, but we look back with veneration to the period when the stream of learning in a deeper current ran though perhaps it did not cover so broad an expanse, when the offspring of literature, though it underwent a longer period of gestation, yet made amends for the lateness of its birth by a vigorous stamina and a healthful longevity; when authors read before, and consequently were read after they wrote; when magazines, reviews, and other periodicals did not exhaust by frequent and continually re-iterated appeals the sap which would otherwise have ripened into the fruits of perennial life. We love the olden time, her men, her manners, and her books; the time when scholars were not fugged into Latin under Hamiltonian drill-serjeants, nor the road of learning pulverized into one level uniformity, and deprived of all its graceful undulations by Macadams; when the portly tomes of divinity once the boast and the solid ornaments of our bookshelves, were neither curtailed of their fair proportions by the *child* of their own adoption, nor abridged to the vulgar stature by those other children who seek to hide their own conscious littleness by lowering the supereminence of taller men. We revel in the remembrance of her antique customs and her quaint allusions; her obsolete phrases and her racy words convey to our ears a more delightful and heart-stirring music than the most artificial symphony of modern eloquence: they speak of nature and of home. We retire from the verbiage of contemporaneous fine writing, and seek the gentle communion of Sir Thomas Browne, or dear old Tom Fuller, or the quiet musings of that most companionable of all the piscatorial brotherhood, *Isaac Walton*; or if we indulge a more serious strain of thinking, we dive into the quaint metaphysics of that knight of noble blood Fulk the Greville, or take a yet more sober excursion with Hakewill, in his 'Apology for God's Providence.' But we have no design to introduce the public at large to an acquaintance with our library: right well we know they could not

sympathize with our books of faded, of by-gone greatness, but rather they would insult over their antiquated, and to speak candidly, somewhat tattered costume. We distinctly remember that one person of no very despicable character for literary attainments, once passed a whole day amidst our tomes, and piteously complained of the destitution of any thing like an amusing book in the whole collection. But what communion could be expected between a reader of Scotch novels, English theological prize-essays, and modern sermons of any nation, and the pages of Milton, Raleigh, and Bacon, to say nothing of Ockham and John Scotus Erigena, who are truly 'caviar to the multitude' even of professed bookworms? Peace be to the tender sucklings! the publications of the ——— Society, neatly bound in silk, and fastened with a classic tuck for their more easy conveyance in a young lady's reticule, would be far more to their taste! To a kindred soul, untainted with the heretical pravity of the age, a firm believer in the orthodoxy of black letter, a sworn enemy to all new editions, abridgments, and duodecimos, and waging perpetual and unrelenting warfare with all those gilt-edged and red or blue silk playthings, which under the name of Gems of Sacred Poetry, Selections, and Beauties, either of Kirke White, or any other haberdasher of small ware, are in very deed the fogs which plague our whole land, and infest our houses, nay, our very parlours and our bedchambers, in mischievous abundance,—to such an one our treasures will ever be cheerfully open to inspection: amongst them he will find tracts of other times, which contain something less of false religion, and a great deal more of good sense than the tracts for these times commonly do; many 'books of poesie in prose compiled,' forming a fine contrast to the prosy versification of living bards; treatises, which though discussing the dark night of antiquity administer no inducement to the sleep to which such themes are usually subservient; lives, which may be read in a somewhat less space of time than the usual period of our own life, and which speak as much of the subject as of the author of the biography, and many other specimens of antediluvian authorship of which there are no existing representations since the fatal inundation of letters in the last century. Within our museum, rich with many 'a monument of banished minds,' lie intranced, as in a magic cell, the mighty spirits of a by-gone age hushed in profound repose; Aristotelian and Platonist, sceptic and dogmatist, realist and nominalist, sorbonist and molinist, Papist and Protestant, Calvinist, Lutheran, and Arminian, Conformist and Dissenter, Mahometan, Hindu, and some whom Evans, and Bellamy, and Beausobre, nay, even Ephinaus himself has forgotten to enumerate, all enjoying that quiet which in life they knew not themselves, and which they took all imaginable means to prevent others from realising. We look at them, per-

haps, with too much of a lover's eye, but as the purchase of an obscure dissenting teacher they are contemptible neither as it respects their number nor their quality. They have been procured under the pressure of a very limited income, studied under long continued and painful afflictions, and have been the mind's solace in many a season of gloom and solitude. The mere readers of magazines and newspapers will be at a loss to understand our feelings of bibliopathy: the trifles wherewith they beguile an idle hour never elicit such an enthusiasm of affection. With us a book is altogether a different genus of living creatures from the thing to which that term is often applied: from our sense of the word we utterly exclude all those monsters of equivocal generation, which under the name of guides, selections, beauties, and introductions (especially to botany), annuals, calendars, and birthday souvenirs, are permitted to creep into ladies' drawing-rooms, and lie on mahogany tables with studied negligence, to give a supererogatory penance to the friend already sufficiently punished by your absence from home at the time of his visit. Misery can go no farther! It is bad enough to listen to the musical alliterations of an urchin who vociferously instructs you that he *can* spell, it is perhaps worse to enterprise the deciphering of the mazy labyrinths of a blundering perpetrator of letters, who convinces you that he *cannot* spell; but of all the miseries to which a poor bookworm can be exposed, no combination of circumstances in the utmost stretch of imagination can be feigned which leaves him in so hopeless a condition as that of being exposed defenceless and alone in the richly furnished drawing-room of some London merchant, to the relentless persecution of one of these unreal phantoms of a disturbed brain, these red morocco and gilt-edged spectres. We have some doubt also as to the propriety of admitting into the number of real books the members of the numerous family of half-printed, half-bound, and less than half-read systems of geography and natural history, the outlines of that execrable and degrading nonsense miscalled the science of phrenology, or any of the almost innumerable tribe of cyclopædias excepting perhaps the Metropolitan, and that on the alone ground of its prefatory essay on method by the myriad-minded Coleridge. Society Reports, Histories of Provincial Towns, Scotch Metaphysics, Hervey's Meditations, Young's Night Thoughts, and all the other kindred pieces of household furniture which every man has, and no man thinks of reading, except by proxy, are of course not included within this catalogue, any more than Court guides, memoranda books, or odd volumes of the old Town and Country Magazine. No—our books are of a totally different family, all good men and true, dressed in that sober uniform of rusty brown which, in connexion with their orthodoxy of dimensions, would act so powerfully on the collecting propensities of the disciples of Oldys,

Thomas Hearne, or Miles Davies, the illustrious author of the 'Icon Libellorum.' With scarcely one of all the company who shows not a paternal coat of three generations, our volumes might well be esteemed a Battle Abbey Roll of English gentility, within whose ranks are included all upon whose merit time has stamped her seal. To this select number we occasionally add one and another when emerging from our suburban retreat, we visit the deep recesses, and prowl among the populous solitudes of the great metropolis. Often in one of those time corroded passages which pierce to the very heart of this beehive of the nations, may we be seen surveying with eager glance the title page of some long pursued and antique fashioned volume, and after a hasty preliminary examination well understood by the brethren of the book craft, conveying the newly acquired treasure to the communion of kindred minds. Such occurrences have been rare of late, partly owing to the fact that our trans-atlantic brethren have recently made so many demands on our stock of ancient literature and particularly in the department of theology, and partly—but we have no right to obtrude these facts on our readers' attention. In the dearth of these gems of ancient time to which we have now referred, a dearth which must sensibly increase with every fresh year, and under the painful sensation that the births of the current time will not compensate, at least in the opinion of the *illuminati*, for the death and the oblivion into which so many of the books of older times are daily falling, we rejoiced to hear of an attempt on the part of some respectable brethren of the craft, to bring into the field a reinforcement to our present army under the auspicious name of the Camden Society.

It is the laudable design of this very excellent brotherhood to procure such manuscripts as illustrate any portion of our ancient history, and print them in such numbers as to supply each of their members with a copy, and in that size and manner as shall be equally removed from the poverty-stricken baldness of the trade reprints, and the princely magnificence which has characterized some previously originated societies. The works which have been already printed by the Camden Society are, 'A Contemporary Narrative of the arrival of Edward IV., 1471—King John, an English play by John Bull, Bishop of Ossory—A Contemporary alliterative poem on the deposition of Richard II., with a Latin poem on the same subject, by Richard de Maydestone—The Plumpton Correspondence—a Series of Letters *tempore* Edward IV.—Henry VIII.

It will be evident to our readers from such a commencement of their labours, that this society is properly denominated from the great father of English history, and we earnestly hope that, redeeming the pledge they have offered in the distinctive appellation they have chosen, they will be successful in rescuing from oblivion

many interesting facts relating to both our general national history, and to the particular records of our more ancient private families which are yearly diminishing in so fearful a rate, that excepting in a few instances occurring in the more northern counties, we may vainly inquire in any of our provincial districts for the descendants of the genuine English nobility, the men whose names are identified with the village which their mansions dignified, and whose hospitality to the cottagers of their immediate neighbourhood in health, and attention to their wants in sickness, was the bond that once united the extremes of elevated rank and dependent poverty in this land. This society has already given publicity to one document of this nature in the correspondence of the Plumpton family, a volume replete with information on the history of many of the old Yorkshire families, and rich with touches of rude but faithful pencilling in fire-side scenes and domestic anecdote, and many more records of a similar character we shall expect from their zeal and assiduity in illustrating the antiquities of their fatherland.

Of a kindred spirit to the articles of the Camden Society is the tract whose title stands at the head of this paper. It is truly one of the richest specimens of racy and vigorous English this particular school of our national literature has produced. Without, perhaps, the professional accuracy of Camden, or the universal scholarship of Selden, or the minute circumstantiality of Lambarde, or the technical research of Somner, master Richard Verstegan is entitled to the praise of having treated even the driest subjects with a felicity of style and language which perhaps has never been exhibited on similar topics, of having made even etymology interesting, antiquity fresh with novelty, and of giving importance and intelligibility to those generally imagined unmeaning particles which so uniformly conclude the names of our towns and villages, and of the persons designated from them. The following analysis of his treatise will satisfy the reader that there is much in it which an Englishman ought to know. Chap. I. treats of the origin of nations, and especially as it regards the nation from which Englishmen descend. Chap. II. Of the Germanic descent of our countrymen. III. Of the manners and idolatrous usages of the Saxons. IV. Of the isle of Albion. V. Of the arrival of the Saxons here. VI. Of the Danish and Norman invasions. VII. Of the antiquity, amplitude, and worthiness of the English tongue. VIII. The Etymology of Saxon proper names. IX. That from the surnames of English families it may be determined from what people they descend. X. Of English titles of honour.

Having walked some distance ourselves in the forest of etymology, and being, therefore, well convinced how difficult it is to find the road amidst the perplexing underwood with which that journey is encumbered, we will not pretend to decide in the question to

which our author refers in the following extract: we give it rather to show Master Verstegan's lively spirit of narration than as any thing decisive on the controverted point.

'This name, then, of *Saxons* they undoubtedly have of their use and wearing of a certain kind of sword or weapon invented and made bowing crooked, much after the fashion of a *sithe*, in imitation whereof it should seem to have first been made. And when of late I conferred with the excellent learned man *M. Iustus Lipsuis*, about the *Saxons'* true appellation (who also I found to concur with me in opinion), he could presently put me in mind that a *sithe* is yet at this present in the *Netherlands* called a *Saisen*. Now the swords of our ancestors being made somewhat after that manner (the edge being on the contrary side) they might well carry a like name unto such an edge-tool as they were made after; and albeit we find these kind of swords anciently written *Seaxen* or *Seaxes*, yet it is like enough that our ancestors sounded the *x* as *s*, for the *Welshmen* wrote them *Saison*, as they yet write us, which it is like they wrote, according as they heard them pronounce their own appellation. Of this kind of weapon they had two sorts, the one whereof being long were worn for swords, and the other being short, as hangers or wood-knives, and these they called *hand-seaxes*; and such they were which after their coming into Britain they had still in use, and did wear privately hanging under their long-skirted coats; wherewith at a banquet on *Salisbury Plain* where *Hengestus* had invited king *Vortigern*, about three hundred of his nobles, the watchword *Take your seaxes* being given, were all of them suddenly slain. And as their long *seaxes* or swords were as is said before made after the form of a *sithe*, so might their *hand-seaxes* as well in fashion and bigness as somewhat in name, agree unto their then used manner of *sicles*. Of this kind of *hand-seax*, *Erhwinwine* king of the East *Saxons* did bear for his arms three argent, in a field gules. And the learned *Englehusus* of this kind of *seaxe* and of the name of the *Saxons* hath this ensuing *Latine* rhythm,

Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur
Unde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.

Which may be Englished thus—

Because a Saxa termed is

The short sword which they wear,

There of the name of Saxons they

May well be thought to bear.

'Now then it being manifest that our ancestors did affect and usually bear this kind of weapon called a *seax*, and that we find it not to have been used among the other *Germans*, unless of such as have afterward may have followed them in that fashion, why may not the peculiar bearers of that kind of weapon have gotten after the same their appellation? for seeing the name of the weapon, and the name of the bear-

ers thereof is all one, either the weapon is so called of the men, or the men of the weapon : but that men are usually called according to the weapons which they bear, daily experience doth show us, especially in war, where by the names of Lances, Carabines, Pykes, Muskets, &c. the bearers of such weapons rather than the weapons are understood.

‘ And albeit such names do commonly remain unto their bearers only during the war, yet if they should still use those weapons, then doubtless would the names still remain unto them even from one posterity to another. For the *Scythians* as divers learned authors and of good judgment do report, gat and remained with that name because of their great use of shooting ; for shooting in the *Teutonick* is called *Schieten*, and anciently cometh of the verb *scytan*, which signifieth to shoot. Moreover the *Picards* or people of *Picardy* are said first to have gotten that name of their great and most accustomed use of pikes. And as some affirm, the Galliglasses in *Ireland* do retain that name of the kind of polax which they are accustomed to use. And not only of the weapons or arms which they have born, have sundry people gotten their denominations, but others even of the fashion of apparel which they have been accustomed to wear, as the people inhabiting in *Cisalpinæ* were sometimes called *Togatæ* because they went in gowns. And the old inhabitants of the south parts of *France* were called *Bracatæ* of a short kind of coat wherewith they were usually clad. And he that will best consider the alterations of the names of many other people of *Germany* (which always have proceeded of one cause or other) will find it nothing strange that our ancestors having before had some other name, should afterwards come to leave the same, and to be called by the name of *Saxons* ; for where for example sake (among others) are the names now vulgarly known in *Germany* of the *Catti*, the *Udi*, the *Quadi*, the *Marcomanni*, the *Bucoteri*, and the *Sicambri* ? are they not all changed into other appellation ? And the latter, to wit the famous *Sicambri* long since even in *Germany* itself grown into two several names and people which are now called the *Geldres*, and yet remain in their ancient residence, and the *Franks* that have made their habitation more higher into the land as before hath been noted, whose country now beareth the name of *Franconia* ; part of them under prince *Pharamund*, entering afterwards into *Gallia*, left in fine unto that country the yet retained name of *France*, of some called *Francia Occidentalis*, because *Franconia* in *Germany* hath the name of *Francia Orientalis*.—pp. 23—26.

Continuing the same subject, our author adds in a following chapter,

‘ And whereas some to make an ancient difference between the *Saxons* and the *Germans*, as if they were several nations, and came severally into *Germany*, will confirm an opinion that the *Germans* came from *Persia*, because (as is aforesaid) of the affinity of their language with the *Persian* ; surely it is an opinion of a very slender confirmation, for that indeed there is no affinity at all between those two

languages; and albeit there may some half a dozen or half a score words be found in the *Persian* that are broken *German* words, as *Choda, Phedar, Madar, Berader, Dochter, Star, Band*, for *God, Father, Mother, Brother, Daughter, Star, Band*, what affinity makes this, when all the rest is altogether different? yea as far different as two languages can be the one from the other: and because I was desirous to be surely informed in this point, I wrote unto a gentleman of my acquaintance in *Italy*, in the year 1601, at such time as Sir *Anthony Serley* (*Shirley*) and *Cachin Ollybeag* were ambassadors there from the king of *Persia*, desiring him to confer with the best interpreters in their train, to know what affinity there might be between the *Dutch* and the *Persian* speeches, for there were that spoke them both exceeding well; but after they had used their memories as well as they might, they could find but about these half dozen words here set down, that could seem to have dependence on the *Dutch*; but more words by odds than these may be found in the same tongue that seem to have dependance on the *Latine*; and yet for all that, they are as far too few to make an affinity between the *Latine* and the *Persian* languages, as are the broken *Latine* words that are found in the *Welsh* language able to bring a nearness between the *Latine* and the *Welsh*. And I have heard that a man may find in the *Irish* some words that sound of the *Hebrew*, but they help little to make *Irishmen* thereby to be the better *Hebrewians*: and he that will observe it, shall find divers words in divers other most different languages that also agree together.'—pp. 29—31.

That portion of our author's treatise which is most curious, and perhaps we may even say, most interesting, is that contained in the chapters he devotes to the etymological survey of English names of places and persons. If the limits of a review not especially devoted to such antiquarian discussions, had permitted, we should have indulged in rather a lengthened article on this not very obvious subject; but we fear our readers will think that we have trespassed already too much on their good nature by our tale of olden times, and lest we should offend beyond the possibility of pardon, we take our leave for the present. Perhaps a future opportunity for the indulgence of our passion may occur.

Art. VI. *The Court of King James the First; by Dr. Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester; to which are added, Letters illustrative of the Personal History of the most distinguished Characters in the Court of that Monarch and his Predecessors.* By JOHN S. BREWER, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 846. London: Bentley, 1839.

THE author of these memoirs was born in 1583, and was educated at Westminster School, under the celebrated historian Camden, whence he was removed in 1600 to Trinity College, Cambridge. His celebrity as a preacher, aided by the friendly influence of Bishops Andrews, Vaughan, and Williams, obtained him a canonry of Windsor, in 1617, and three years later the deanery of Rochester, whence he was translated in 1625 to the bishopric of Gloucester. His ecclesiastical predilections were popish, and the policy of the Court of Charles, who had just succeeded to the throne, encouraged him to avow them more openly than befitted the times. Goodman, however, had miscalculated the policy of the monarch, and was therefore restrained. 'Maintaining,' says Wood, 'several heterodox opinions in his sermons at Court, he was checked for so doing in 1626;' and for some years contented himself with adorning his cathedral church, and with setting up, after the approved fashion of the school of Laud, pictures of the death and resurrection of the Saviour, in places of public resort. In 1640 he was brought into trouble by refusing to subscribe the canons which Laud, with such singular fatuity caused to be passed by a convocation, illegally continued after the dissolution of Parliament. Insensible to the dangers which surrounded the mitre and the crown, this short-sighted and superstitious prelate sought to achieve a momentary triumph at the risk of still further irritating an indignant and threatening people. Goodman was the only bishop who refused to comply with Laud's injunction. Others had opposed some of the canons in committee; but, yielding to the decision of the majority, had finally subscribed; Goodman, however, refused to do so, and the following account of what took place, furnished by Fuller, who was present on the occasion, is too characteristic to be omitted. 'He alone utterly refused his subscription thereunto. Whereupon the archbishop being present with us in king Henry the Seventh's chapel, was highly offended at him.' 'My lord of Gloucester,' said he, 'I admonish you to subscribe;' and presently after, 'My Lord of Gloucester I admonish you the second time to subscribe;' and immediately after, 'I admonish you a third time to subscribe.' To all which the bishop pleaded conscience, and returned a denial.'

'Then were the judgments of the Bishops severally asked, whether they should proceed to the present suspension of Gloucester, for his contempt herein. Davenant, bishop of Salisbury, being demanded his opinion, conceived it fit some lawyers should first be consulted with, how far forth the power of a synod in such cases did extend.

'He added, moreover, that the threefold admonition of a bishop ought solemnly to be done with some considerable intervals betwixt them, in which the party might have time of convenient deliberation. However, some days after, he was committed (by the King's command, as I take it) to the Gate-house, where he got by his restraint what he could never have got by his liberty; namely, of one reputed popish, to become for a short time popular, as the only confessor suffering for not subscribing the canons.*

Wood informs us on the authority of Laud's papers, that 'with much persuasions, he (Goodman) was drawn to subscribe;' but that 'for his obstinate refusal at first, and the scandal of it, he was by both houses, with a general consent, suspended *ab officio et beneficio*, till he had given the King and church satisfaction.† This was in the true spirit of the dominant faction of the day, whose great object was to establish in Britain as absolute a spiritual despotism as the Inquisition had set up in Spain. Happily there were counteracting forces, which Laud was unable to control, and their expansive power was now about to be displayed.

During the time of the 'great rebellion,' as Mr. Brewer with genuine high-church orthodoxy terms the civil war, Goodman lived at Westminster in obscurity, having, according to the Oxford historian, been 'plundered, spoiled, robbed, and utterly undone.' He employed himself in the preparation of works designed to make known his own sufferings, and to explain the mysteries of the Christian religion.

It was to the honor of Cromwell, though these facts are overlooked by his libellers, that the deprived bishop, whom all parties suspected to be a concealed papist, was permitted to continue in the immediate neighbourhood of Whitehall, and in habits of intimate fellowship with the popish chaplain of the Queen Henrietta Maria. It was not against episcopalians or catholics that the protector warred, but against political factions, of which episcopacy and popery were the rallying points.

During the latter period of his life, Francis à S. Clara, a Do-

* Ch. Hist. B. XI. Cent. 17.

† Athenæ Oxonienses, i. 623.

minican friar, whose real name was Christopher Davenport, was Goodman's most intimate companion, and exercised such influence over his mind, as to induce him to adopt the Romish faith. The editor of his memoirs leaves this matter in doubt; but it is sheer folly to do so when Wood and Walker unhesitatingly admit it. The evidence of the bishop's Will, to say nothing of other proof, is conclusive on this point. It may be very possible and very easy to charge Goodman with inconsistency; but the language of his Will is incapable of any other fair construction than that which has been generally put on it. The fact would appear to be that, in this, as in some other points, the ex-bishop of Gloucester was but a specimen—only a little more perfected—of a large portion of the clergy of his day. Protestant in name, but popish in spirit, they were indebted to the accidents of their age rather than to any enlightened appreciation of the reformed faith, for their position in the English church.

We have deemed it advisable to preface our remarks on the work before us with this brief sketch of the history of its author, as the weight of the opinions delivered, and the general accuracy of the views broached, must be regarded, in all fairness, in connexion with the known sentiments and predilections of the writer.

The Bishop's memoirs are contained in the first volume, and fully bear out the character which Wood ascribes to Goodman. They are written in an unostentatious and homely style, are remarkably free from acrimony, and destitute of any of those points of strong interest which arise from superior sagacity, or a profound development of the inward and spiritual springs of human conduct. Most of the leading statesmen of the day are sketched, but it is with a feeble hand. The rude outline, rather than the finished portrait, is presented to view; but there is a good-nature and kind-heartedness evinced throughout the whole, which wins upon us in the absence of higher intellectual qualities. The writer passes at will, backwards and forwards, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of James; and then again to the 'maiden Queen;' and withal, though somewhat tiresome, is sufficiently amusing to lead us on to the end of his volume. His narrative is, consequently, desultory; and many of the personages who figure in it are too insignificant to be viewed with much interest. Still, we confess, the volume is such an one as we love occasionally to take up, and the light it throws on some of the intrigues and conspiracies of the day, renders it a useful and amusing addition to our history of the times. The good bishop was induced to draw up his narrative by the publication of a pamphlet by Sir Anthony Weldon, severely reflecting on the character and government of King James.

'I cannot say,' he remarks, 'that I was an eye and ear witness, but truly I have been an observer of the times, and what I shall relate of my own knowledge, God knows, is most true; my conjecturals I conceive to be true, but do submit them to better judgment. I shall take the liberty of an historian, and whereas the knight is pleased to speak some things on the word of a gentleman, truly what I write shall be *in verbo sacerdotis*, which I did ever conceive to be an oath.'—Vol. I. page 1.

The following account of Queen Elizabeth exhibits some of the more striking points of the character of that celebrated princess, whose dignified condescension and high-minded confidence in her people, were so strongly blended with feminine vanity and weakness.

'In the year '88, I did then live at the upper end of the Strand near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report unto us, (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, very dark,) that the Queen was gone to council, and if you will see the Queen you must come quickly. Then we all ran; when the Court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. There we came where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten Sermons; and when we had staid there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your majesty! God save your majesty!' Then the Queen turned unto us and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!' Then we cried again, 'God save your majesty! God save your majesty!' Then the Queen said again unto us, 'You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince:' and so looking one upon another awhile the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are ever best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk what an admirable queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they have then gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief! But here we were to come in at the Court gates, and there was all the danger of searching.

'Take her then in her yearly journeys at her coming to London, where you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat, a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather Henry the Seventh is ever painted withal; for in young people the glandels do make all things seem smooth and fair, but in old people the glandels being shrunk, the gullet doth make a little deformity. And truly, there was then a report that the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles; for having been exceeding beautiful and fair in her youth, such beauties are ever aptest for wrinkles in old age. So then the Queen's constant custom was a little before her coronation-day to come from Richmond

to London, and to dine with my Lord Admiral at Chelsea, and to set out from Chelsea at dark night, where the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen were to meet her; and here all the way long from Chelsea to Whitehall was full of people to see her, and truly any man might very easily have come to her coach. Now if she thought that she had been in danger, how is it credible that she should so adventure herself? King James, who was as harmless a king as any was in our age, and consequently had as few enemies, yet wore quilted doublets stiletto proof: the Queen had many enemies; all her wars depended upon her life; she had likewise very fearful examples: the first Duke of Guise was shot; Henry the Third, the French king, was stabbed; the Duke of Orange was pistoled;—and these might make the Queen take heed.'—*Ib.* pp. 163—165.

It is well known that Elizabeth's popularity greatly declined toward the close of her reign. All contemporary historians bear witness to this, however they may differ in their attempts to account for it. The following is our bishop's version:—

'Then, for the Queen, she was ever hard of access, and grew to be very covetous in her old days: so that whatsoever she undertook, she did it to the halves only, to save charge; that suits were very hardly gotten, and in effect more spent in expectation and attendance than the suit could any way countervail; that the court was very much neglected, and in effect the people were very generally weary of an old woman's government. And this no doubt might be some cause of the Queen's melancholy, and that she should break out into such words as these: 'They have yoked my neck,—I can do nothing,—I have not one man in whom I can repose trust: I am a miserable forlorn woman.' But after a few years, when we had experience of the Scottish government, then in disparagement of the Scots, and in hate and detestation of them, the Queen did seem to revive; then was her memory much magnified,—such ringing of bells, such public joy and sermons in commemoration of her, the picture of her tomb painted in many churches, and in effect more solemnity and joy in memory of her coronation than was for the coming in of King James.'—*Ib.* pp. 96—98.

Goodman speaks of King James with all the affection of an old domestic. He acknowledges that he 'was more beholden to King James than to all the men in the world;' and expresses a hope that he may never live to 'be wanting unto him in all those Christian duties which are required from the living to the dead.' This is amiable and praiseworthy, but obviously militates against our placing entire confidence in the brighter colorings of the picture which he draws. He is obviously concerned to extenuate his master's faults;—to such an extent, indeed, is this disposition manifested, as to destroy the weight of his testimony when favorable to the monarch. Truth, however, will vindicate itself, and the admissions which it extorts are of greater authority

from the reluctance with which they are made. Let this be borne in mind, and the following will need no comment.

'Truly I did never know any man of so great an apprehension, of so great love and affection,—a man so truly just, so free from all cruelty and pride, such a lover of the church, and one that had done so much good for the church. In effect, all the bishoprics in Ireland and Scotland were erected and endowed by him; whereof one bishopric in Ireland, as I have heard, namely, Clogher, doth exceed any one bishopric in England. And as I have spoken this in his commendation, so, on the other side, I must needs blame him, that he was a man wonderfully passionate, much given to swearing, and he was not so careful of his carriage as he might be. I heard a very wise man take great exceptions against him, that the first year of his coming hither, when there was in London a greater plague than ever before had been, yet he took it not to heart, nor made such use of God's judgments as he should have done; for he never neglected one day's hunting, and in his words he sometimes gave great offence both in respect of God and man. I forbear to instance in them: yet, to excuse them a little, this was for the instant and in hot blood; for if you would give him but a little respite he was as patient as any man, and could as well moderate his passion.'—*Ib.* pp. 91, 92.

The Gunpowder Plot comes in, of course, for a share of the bishop's attention, but his narrative adds little to our previous stock of facts. It is well known that the Catholics looked to the accession of the son of Mary to the English throne with considerable expectations. They had suffered much in his mother's cause, and it was therefore natural for them to anticipate some exercise of forbearance and kindness from the son. In this, however, they were disappointed. The filial virtues did not flourish in the heart of James; and he retained, consequently, no sense of obligation to those who had befriended his ill-fated and injured parent. His conduct during his long imprisonment had been any thing but honorable, so as to leave on every observant spectator the full conviction that, whatever might be his anxiety on her account, his solicitude to secure a peaceful succession to the throne of Elizabeth was vastly more efficacious. We need not, therefore, be surprised that the dark and scheming spirits of some of the Catholics sought to punish his ingratitude, and to avenge the wrongs of their fallen church, by calling to their aid the demon powers of mischief. 'They did every way conclude,' says Goodman, 'that their estate was desperate; they could die but once, and their religion was more precious unto them than their lives.' Out of this bitter disappointment originated the Gunpowder Plot, the principal actors in which are thus sketched by our author:

'Now I must describe the persons of some of those traitors. Percy was a kinsman to the Earl of Northumberland: the earl, being captain

of the Pensioners, did make him one of the King's Pensioners. It is certain that he was a very loose liver—that he had two wives, one in the south and another in the north. An honourable good lady said, she knew them both; his wife in the south was so mean and poor that she was fain to teach school and bring up gentlewomen; there are yet some living that were her scholars. He living then with the Earl of Northumberland, the house was not thought to be very religious. I remember there was a report that one Hericke did use to resort to the house, and that he was wont there to read lectures of atheism; so I conceive that Percy was not very religious. Then, for Catesby, it is very well known that he was a very cunning subtle man, exceedingly entangled in debts, and scarce able to subsist. This man took a house in Lambeth, and to this house all the barrels of powder were to be brought, that so by night they might be conveyed to Mr. Percy's house, who had taken a house from the keeper of the parliament, with an intent to undermine the parliament house; but coming to a wall, and finding it very hard and difficult, and the gentlemen not accustomed to labour or to be pioneers, they fell to an easier course, to hire the coal-house under the parliament, and there to put in so much charcoal as would hide and cover the barrels of powder; and yet they were so negligent as they did not throw in that earth which they digged out of the mine, but left it open that it might be seen;—and I myself did see it.

‘To these I will annex Tresham, a man of a good estate, and a strict catholic; and he it was that wrote the letter to my Lord Mounteagle, who lived then at Bethnall Green near Aldgate; and this man was thought to be somewhat weak in judgment, and it is not unlike he might help out other men's poverty and bear a great part of the charge.

‘There was there Christopher Winter, a man, as I take it, of a good estate; there was Thomas Winter, a very able understanding man. There was there Mr. Rookwood, a man of a competent estate but somewhat indebted, very ingenious, and a man exceedingly well beloved. And to conclude all, there was Henry Garnet, the provincial jesuit, a very learned man, and a very judicious, nice, understanding man.

‘Now it is conceived that when as once they had entered into traitorous considerations and were guilty of treason, that Percy, who hired this house adjoining the parliament, did put them upon this particular plot; and this is most certain; I will name my author, who is beyond all exception, Sir Francis Moore, who had been an ancient acquaintance to this Mr. Percy, for he had formerly solicited the Earl of Northumberland's suits, and had married his wife out of that house. Being the Lord Keeper Egerton's favourite, and having some occasion of business with him at twelve of the clock at night, and going then homeward from York House to the Middle Temple at two, several times he met Mr. Percy coming out of that great statesman's house and wondered what his business should be there. But now the time came of acting this treason; and the plot was, that Faux alone should be left in Westminster to act the deed, while all the rest should be in the country, and there, under colour of a great hunting, they should

seize upon the person of the Lady Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter. Now before, Tresham in his letter to my Lord Mounteagle did wish him to absent himself the first day of the parliament, for that God and man had resolved to take sudden vengeance, or to that effect.

'This letter my Lord Mounteagle did instantly impart to the secretary; the Secretary did instantly acquaint the King and some of the council therewith: the King must have the honour to interpret it, that it was by gunpowder; and the very night before the parliament began it was to be discovered, to make the matter the more odious and the deliverance more miraculous. No less than the lord chamberlain must search for it and discover it, and Faux with his dark lantern must be apprehended. This being discovered, while the rest of the traitors were in Warwickshire and Worcestershire, they had seized upon some horses for war in Sir Fulke Greville's stable in Warwick Castle; but as soon as they heard that the treason was discovered and prevented in the parliament house, they desisted in their design, and all of them betook themselves to one house, where immediately they were beset; and while they were drying their gunpowder at the fire, a spark took some of it, whereby some of the company were blasted, which they did ascribe to the just judgment of God, that seeing they would have blown up others, they by God's mercy escaped, and they themselves were punished in the same kind.

'Now here was a great oversight; that whereas there was no possibility that the traitors could resist, nor any hope that they could escape, neither did they kill any one man that did beset them, therefore a special charge should have been given that they should take the traitors alive, whereby that upon the rack they might discover the whole plot. Now they that beset them were permitted to shoot, and did kill Percy and Catesby, the two principal contrivers of the plot, and none but they were killed; and some will not stick to report, that the great statesman sending to apprehend these traitors gave special charge and direction for Percy and Catesby, 'Let me never see them alive;' who it may be would have revealed some evil counsel given. As for Tresham, he fell very sick in the Tower; and Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, coming to visit him as his fashion was, he gave him a piece of very pure gold to be put in his mouth; and upon the taking out of that gold, Butler said that he was poisoned. For the keeper of the parliament house, who let out the lodgings to Percy, it is said that as soon as ever he heard of the news what Percy intended, he instantly fell into a fright and died; so that it could not be certainly known who procured him the house, or by whose means.

'Now the traitors impeached none others; yet the state knowing where to find out Garnet, the provincial jesuit, did apprehend him, and having nothing to lay to his charge, they put him into a chamber where they knew he would have a confessor. Nothing could be spoken there so softly but others could hear it; so that two overheard him making his confession, and acknowledging that in hearing the confession of others he had knowledge thereof, for which he was condemned and executed. It hath since appeared that divers priests in their letters to Rome did much complain that they found Catholics very

desperate, and that they could not persuade them to any obedience, but did much fear they intended mischief.'—*Ib.* 102—108.

Another account of this memorable conspiracy is furnished in the second volume, in a letter from Sir Edward Hobart to Sir Thomas Edmonds, the English ambassador at Brussels; but our space forbids its insertion.

Bacon was no favorite with Goodman; the bishop was too honest to love so unscrupulous and abject a courtier; though we suspect we are somewhat indebted to the fall of the latter for the accuracy—would that we could disbelieve it—of the following description:

'Now for Bacon, certainly he was a man of very great intellectuals, and a man who did every way comply with the King's desires; and he was a great projector in learning, as did appear by his '*Advancement of Learning*,' to which book I would have given some answer if I durst have printed it. Over other men he did insult, and took bribes on both sides; and had this property, that he would not question any man for words against him, as knowing himself to be faulty, and therefore would not bring his adversaries upon the stage. Secretary Winwood was a man of courage, and the difference fell out upon a very small occasion, that Winwood did beat his dog from lying upon a stool, which Bacon seeing, said that every gentleman did love a dog. This passed on; then at the same time, having some business to sit upon, it should seem that Secretary Winwood sate too near my lord keeper; and his lordship willed him either to keep or to know his distance. Whereupon he arose from table, and I think he did him no good office. It is certain there were many exceptions against Bacon: no man got more dishonestly, and no man spent more wastefully; and how fit this man was to carry the King's conscience, whom I believe no other man would trust! And so, no marvel, at length he came to be discovered; and even after his fall, he still continued ambitious, and did practise so much as he could to rise again.'—*Ib.* pp. 283, 284.

Bacon's correspondence, so far as it has been preserved, fully sustains the severest charges which have been preferred against him. There is, however, something so painful in the admission of these charges, that we can readily excuse the zeal with which the disciples of his philosophy have sought to rebut them. We would gladly join with them in the chivalrous effort, did we not feel that the claims of truth were paramount even to those of Bacon; and that, whatever might be effected on behalf of the latter, must be purchased by an injury done to former. History testifies—and it is in vain to turn a deaf ear to her verdict—that in the case of Bacon, the intellectual and the moral were in contrast rather than in harmony; that the elements of earth and heaven were strangely blended in his character; that

he united to an extent rarely seen, and never surpassed, the highest endowments with the meanest and most abject spirit; an unquenchable thirst for truth in all her diversified forms, with a disgraceful shrinking from the practical application of her rules to the conduct of human life. Mr. Brewer has printed in his second volume three letters of Bacon; one to King James, and the other two to the favorite Buckingham. They were all written subsequent to his disgrace, and are but too characteristic of the meanness which distinguished the man. The dignity of our nature is insulted when we hear the great philosopher addressing the court puppet of the day—the vain, unprincipled, and reckless Buckingham—in such language as the following: ‘I now find that, ‘in building upon your lordship’s noble nature and friendship, I ‘have built upon a rock where neither winds or rains can cause ‘overthrow.’ But we dismiss this painful subject with the following letter to the King:

‘MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY,

‘I acknowledge myself in all humbleness infinitely bounden to your Majesty’s grace and goodness, for that, at the intercession of my noble and constant friend my Lord Marquis, your Majesty hath been pleased to grant me that which the civilians say is *res inestimabilis*,—my liberty; so that now, whenever God calleth me, I shall not die a prisoner. Nay, farther, your Majesty hath vouchsafed to cast a second and iterate aspect of your eye of compassion upon me, in referring the consideration of my broken estate to my good lord the Lord Treasurer; which as it is a singular bounty in your Majesty, so I have yet so much left of a late commissioner of your treasure, as I would be sorry to sue for any thing that might seem immodest.

‘These your Majesty’s great benefits in casting your bread upon the waters (as the Scripture saith), because my thanks cannot any ways be sufficient to attain, I have raised your progenitor of famous memory (and now I hope of more famous memory than before), King Henry the Seventh, to give your Majesty thanks for me. Which work, most humbly kissing your Majesty’s hands, I do present. And because in the beginning of my trouble, when in the midst of the tempest I had a kenning of the harbour, which I hope now by your Majesty’s favor I am entering into, I made tender to your Majesty of two works, an History of England, and a Digest of your Laws, as I have (by a figure of *pars pro toto*) performed the one, so I have herewith sent your Majesty, by way of an epistle, a new offer of the other. But my desire is further, if it stand with your Majesty’s good pleasure, since now my study is my exchange, and my pen my factor for the use of my talent, that your Majesty (who is a great master in these things) would be pleased to appoint me some task to write, and that I shall take for an oracle.

‘And because my Instauration (which I esteem my great work, and do still go on with in silence) was dedicated to your Majesty, and this History of King Henry the Seventh to your lively and excellent image

the Prince, if now your Majesty will be pleased to give me a theme to dedicate to my Lord of Buckingham, whom I have so much reason to honor, I should with more alacrity embrace your Majesty's direction than mine own choice. Your Majesty will pardon me for troubling you thus long. God evermore preserve and prosper you.

'Your Majesty's poor beadsman most devoted,

'F. ST. ALBAN.'

—Vol. ii. pp. 220—221.

The following short epistle from Prince Charles to Buckingham contains the germ of the policy of his subsequent reign. It was written at the close of 1621, when the House of Commons had evinced its determination to restrain the prerogatives of the Crown within their constitutional limits. The desire expressed, that 'such seditious fellows might be made an example to others,' evinces the early and deep-rooted aversion to the rights of parliament, which was afterwards displayed with such disastrous results.

'STINIE,

'The lower house this day has been a little unruly, but I hope it will turn to the best, for before they rose they began to be ashamed of it; yet I could wish that the King would send down a commission here (that if need were), such seditious fellows might be made an example to others by Monday next, and till then I would let them alone; it will be seen whether they mean to do good or to persist in their follies, so that the King needs to be patient but a little while. I have spoken with so many of the council as the King trusts most, and they [are] all of this mind; only the sending of authority to set seditious fellows fast is of my adding. I defy thee in being more mine than I am

Thy constant loving friend,

'CHARLES P.'

—Ib. pp. 209—210.

The only other extract for which we can make room is a letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to his wife, written from the Tower, which determines, as Mr. Brewer remarks, 'the much vexed question whether or not Sir Walter did attempt to stab himself.' We envy not the man who can read this epistle without being deeply interested in the fortunes of its writer.

'Receive from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines, these the last words that ever thou shalt receive from him. That I can live to think never to see thee and my child more, I cannot. I have desired God, and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonor to my child, I cannot, I cannot endure the memory thereof: unfortunate

woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves, trust God, and be contented with your poor estate ; I would have bettered it if I had enjoyed a few years. Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again : it is now nothing to me ; thou art no more mine, nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others ; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing ; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. For myself, I am left of all men, that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill ; all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatsoever else, malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man ; he hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations, notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost ! he hath separated us asunder ; he hath slain my honor, my fortune ; he hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. Oh, God ! thou dost know my wrongs : know then, thou my wife and child ; know then thou, my Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against. But my wife, forgive thou all as I do ; live humble, for thou hast but a time also. God forgive my Lord Harry, for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecill, I thought he would never forsake me in extremity ; I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child, and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed that I died in despair of God's mercies ; strive not to dispute it ; but assure thyself that God hath not left me, nor Satan tempted me. Hope and despair live not together ; I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy.

'The mercy of God is immeasurable, the cogitations of men comprehend it not. In the Lord I have ever trusted, and I know that my Redeemer liveth : far is it from me to be tempted with Satan ; I am only tempted with sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. O God, thou art goodness itself, thou canst not be but good to me ; O, God, that art mercy itself, thou canst not be but merciful to me !

'For my estate is conveyed to feoffees, to your cousin Brett and others ; I have but a bare estate for a short life. My plate is at gage in Lombard Street : my debts are many. To Peter Vanlore, some £600. To Antrobus as much, but Cumpson is to pay £300 of it. To Michael Hext, £100. To George Carew, £100. To Nicholas Sanders, £100. To John Fitz-James, £100. To Mr. Waddom, £100. To a poor man, one Hawker, for horses, £70. To a poor man, called Hunt, £20. Take first care of those for God's sake. To a brewer at Weymouth, and a baker for my Lord Cecill's ship and mine, I think some £80 ; John Renolds knoweth it. And let that poor man have

his true part of their return from Virginia ; and let the poor men's wages be paid with the goods, for the Lord's sake. Oh, what will my poor servants think at my return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish, who sent them, to my great charge, to plant and discover upon his territory ! Oh, intolerable infamy ! Oh, God ! I cannot resist these thoughts ; I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle ! Oh, death ! hasten thee unto me, that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. Oh, death ! destroy my memory, which is my tormentor ; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up thy poor child. I recommend unto you my poor brother, A. Gilbert. The lease of Sanding is his, and none of mine ; let him have it for God's cause ; he knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them, and them to God. And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child ; but part I must by enemies and injuries, part with shame and triumph of my detractors ; and therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things but thine own honor, and the love of mine. I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be but thy politique husband ; but let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him, and the difference is but in the number, and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds !'—*Ib.* pp. 93—97.

The Notes appended by Mr. Brewer to the *Memoirs of the Bishop*, and to the letters which constitute the second and supplementary volume, display considerable acquaintance with the men and events of the times of James. As such they are valuable, nor would their worth have been diminished had there been less of an anti-puritan and anti-liberal complexion about them. Much of this is probably to be attributed to the professional standing of the author, for clergymen now a-day seem emulous of copying the example of the worst specimens of their class. The publication, however, without possessing any very high pretensions, or throwing any striking and original lights on the reign of James, will be found an interesting companion to the historical student in his severer and more laborious investigation into the character and history of the period on which it treats.

Art. VII.—*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III.* First and Second Series. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. London: Charles Knight and Co.

These volumes furnish another illustration of the correctness of the remarks which we made in our last number, on the boundless range of Lord Brougham's information, and the versatility of his powers. Scarcely a month elapses without some fresh proof being afforded, of the unceasing activity of his Lordship's intellect, and of the multifarious knowledge with which it is enriched. Some of his productions, conceived in haste and executed with astonishing rapidity, may be destined to an ephemeral existence, yet it would be difficult to point out one which is not impregnated with such elements of vitality, as insure, to some extent, the accomplishment of its destined object. The contents of the volumes now before us, are of a much more popular and attractive character than the Dissertations we noticed last month, and their readers will be proportionably more numerous. The times and the statesmen of George the Third; the character of that monarch and of his son; the social virtues and political delinquencies of the former; the open profligacy and base selfishness of the latter; the political views patronised by both; and the effects resulting to the constitution and interests of the empire from their opposite characters, but uniform policy; are topics which cannot fail to attract a large class to the attentive examination of what his lordship has written.

The times illustrated are sufficiently remote from our own to allow, at least, of an approximation to the calm review and impartial judgment of the historian; while their contiguity to our day; the direct influences transmitted from them to ourselves; the reminiscences of our youth, aided by the strong impression yet retained of the high talents, or public virtues, or perverse ambition, or base apostacy, of the statesmen described, give all the interest of deep personal feeling, of admiration yet undiminished, or of indignant hostility yet warm and vigorous, to the Sketches furnished by his lordship's pen. We regard the work as invested with far more than ordinary interest, and as furnishing materials, the full worth of which can only be known to the future historian. Differing from his lordship in some of his views, and believing that his judgments have, in a few cases, been influenced by recent events, we feel equally certain that the general accuracy of his sketches will be admitted with growing conviction, as the passions and party alliances of the day are forgotten. In no case do we anticipate this more confidently, than in those very instances in which his lordship is now suspected to have erred most

seriously ;—we refer, especially, to the unfavorable view he has given of George III., whose undue elevation cannot much longer be sustained by all the artifices of his cherished faction.

A large proportion of the work has already appeared, either in the *Edinburgh Review*, or in the Introductions to his lordship's speeches, recently published by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. Several of the articles, however, are original ; and important and interesting additions have been made to others. The design of the publication is thus stated in the Introduction to the second volume, and the statement is fully borne out by the manner in which his lordship has treated the various and sometimes delicate topics involved in his discussions. We have not met with a work, for some time past, which is so adapted to serve the purposes of political morality, by reminding statesmen of the scrutiny to which their conduct will be subjected when the bewildering influences of their day, and the ephemeral popularity of their measures, are withdrawn.

‘ It would be a very great mistake to suppose that there is no higher object in submitting these sketches to the world, than the gratification of curiosity respecting eminent statesmen, or even a more important purpose, the maintenance of a severe standard of taste respecting oratorical excellence. The main object in view has been the maintenance of a severe standard of public virtue, by constantly painting political profligacy in those hateful colours which are natural to it, though sometimes obscured by the lustre of talents, especially when seen through the false glare shed by success over public crimes. To show mankind who are their real benefactors ; to teach them the wisdom of only exalting the friends of peace, of freedom, and of improvement ; to warn them against the folly, so pernicious to themselves, of lavishing their applauses upon their worst enemies ; those who disturb the tranquillity, assail the liberties, and obstruct the improvement of the world ; to reclaim them from the yet coarser habit, so nearly akin to vicious indulgence, of palliating cruelty and fraud committed on a large scale, by regarding the success which has attended those foul enormities, or the courage and the address with which they have been perpetrated ; these are the views which have guided the pen that has attempted to sketch the history of George the Third's times, by describing the statesmen who flourished in them. With these views a work was begun many years ago, and interrupted by professional avocations ; the history of two reigns in our own annals, those of Henry V. and Elizabeth, deemed glorious for the arts of war and of government, commanding largely the admiration of the vulgar, justly famous for the capacity they displayed, but extolled upon the false assumption that foreign conquest is the chief glory of a nation, and that habitual and dexterous treachery towards all mankind is the first accomplishment of a sovereign. To relate the story of those reigns in the language of which sound reason prescribes the use ; to express the scorn of falsehood and the detestation of cruelty which the uncorrupted feelings of

our nature inspire ; to call wicked things by their right names, whethen done by princes and statesmen, or by vulgar and more harmless malefactors, was the plan of that work. Longer experience of the world has only excited a stronger desire to see such lessons inculcated, and to help in tearing off the veil which the folly of mankind throws over the crimes of their rulers. But it was deemed better to direct the attention of the people, in the first instance, to more recent times, better known characters, and more interesting events. In this opinion these *Historical Sketches* had their origin.'—Pp. vii—ix.

We know not whether we are warranted to conclude from this passage, that the design originally contemplated by his lordship is yet entertained. We hope it may be so—a more important service he could not render to his country, or to the general interests of the human commonwealth. Such a production composed with leisure—the slow growth of extensive research, a discriminating judgment, deep insight into human nature, and an inflexible adherence to the rules of truth, would constitute a monument more illustrious and imperishable than any which have signalized the heroes of our world.

The more important and interesting of these *Sketches* having already appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and been thereby familiarised to most of our readers, we are necessarily restricted in our extracts, either to the additions made to these, or to the minor sketches included in the volumes. We trust, in fairness to his lordship, that this fact will be borne in mind in estimating the character of the work from the few extracts we shall make.

Lord Chatham, as might have been expected, is a great favorite with the noble author ; and the sketch furnished of his character and policy, is the warm-hearted tribute of an admiring intellect capable of appreciating the high merits of this distinguished man, without being blinded to his few defects. The administration of the first William Pitt is one of the most splendid chapters of English history. The imbecility and weakness of his predecessors had reduced the country to the lowest point of depression. Corruption at home, and defeat abroad, had engendered a state of discontent the most general and alarming. The buoyant spirit of the nation was gone. Its self-confidence was lost, and nothing appeared in prospect but accumulating disasters and irretrievable ruin. With an army insignificant, and still more ineffective ; with a navy scarcely able to keep the sea, and officered by men who had eschewed the spirit of their profession ; with only one ally, and that ally beset by a combination which threatened his utter and speedy destruction ; with a mistrust of public men pervading every class, and hardly to be paralleled in its intensity by the experience of any former age ;—the nation appeared to have outgrown its youth, and to be rapidly tending to the decrepitude and dotage

of age. In such unpropitious circumstances the genius of Chatham was summoned by a reluctant monarch to save the state. To the astonishment of all his triumph was complete. The determination of his character, guided by a sagacity rarely at fault, enabled him not only to throw back the tide of disaster which had set in upon our shores, but to achieve a succession of victories which chastised the insolence and bridled the power of our foes. The success of his foreign administration was equalled by that of his domestic policy: confidence was restored; the ancient courage of the people was revived; the nation renewed her youth, and prepared for a loftier and bolder flight than she had yet attempted. These services, to which the throne of George III. was so deeply indebted, may well have commanded the gratitude and lasting confidence of that monarch. But his tory prejudices were offended by the liberal policy of his minister, and the base intrigues of the court were therefore put in operation to displace 'the great commander.' Chatham retired from office the victim of royal prejudice, and every hostile court throughout Europe rejoiced at his fall.

This great man partook of our human nature. There were spots which deeply shaded the lustre of his glory, and to these Lord Brougham refers in the following passage which he has now added to the Sketch reprinted from No. 136 of the *Edinburgh Review*. We need scarcely remind our readers that the extract supplies merely the shading which was necessary to the accuracy of the noble portrait.

'The most severe judge of human actions, the critic whose searching eye looks for defects in every portrait, and regards it as a fiction, not a likeness, when he fails to find any, will naturally ask if such a character as Lord Chatham's could be without reproach; if feelings so strong never boiled over in those passions which are dangerous to virtue; if fervour of soul such as his could be at all times kept within the bounds which separate the adjoining provinces of vehemence and intemperance? Nor will he find reason to doubt the reality of the picture which he is scrutinising when we have added the traits that undeniably disfigured it. Some we have already thrown in; but they rather are shades that give effect and relief to the rest, than deformities or defects. It must now be farther recorded, that not only was he impracticable, difficult beyond all men to act with, overbearing, impetuously insisting upon his own views being adopted by all as infallible, utterly regardless of other men's opinions when he had formed his own, as little disposed to profit by the lights of their wisdom as to avail himself of their co-operative efforts in action—all this is merely the excess of his great qualities running loose uncontrolled—but he appears to have been very far from sustaining the exalted pitch of magnanimous independance and utter disregard of sublunary interests which we should expect him to have reached and kept as a matter of course, from a mere cursory

glance at the mould in which his lofty character was cast. Without allowing considerable admixture of the clay which forms earthly mortals to have entered into his composition, how can we account for the violence of his feelings, when George III. showed him some small signs of kindness in the closet, upon his giving up the seals of office. 'I confess, Sir, I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I had not come prepared for this exceeding goodness—pardon me, sir,' he passionately exclaimed, 'it overpowers—it oppresses me!' and he burst into tears in the presence of one who, as a moment's reflection must have convinced him, was playing a part to undermine his character, destroy his influence, and counteract all his great designs for his country's good. But some misplaced sentiments of loyalty may have produced this strange paroxysm of devotion. The colour assumed by his gratitude for favours conferred upon his family and himself was of a more vulgar hue, and still less harmonized with the Great Commoner's exalted nature. On learning the King's intention to grant him a pension, (in order effectually to undo him,) he writes to Lord Bute a letter full of the most humiliating effusions of extravagant thankfulness—speaks of 'being confounded with the King's condescension in deigning to bestow one thought on the mode of extending to him his royal beneficence'—considers 'any mark of approbation flowing from such a spontaneous source of clemency as his comfort and his glory'—and prostrates himself in the very dust for daring to refuse the kind of provision tendered 'by the king in a manner so infinitely gracious,' and proposing, instead of it, a pension for his family. When this prayer was granted, the effusions of gratitude 'for these unbounded effects of beneficence and grace which the most benign of sovereigns has condescended to bestow,' are still more extravagant; and 'he dares to hope that the same royal benevolence which showers on the unmeritorious such unlimited benefits may deign to accept the genuine tribute of the truly feeling heart with equal condescension and goodness.' It is painful to add what truth extorts, that this is really not the sentiment and the language with which a patriot leaves his sovereign's councils upon a broad difference of honest opinion, and after being personally ill-used by that monarch's favourites, but the tone of feeling, and even the style of diction, in which a condemned felon, having sued for mercy, returns thanks when his life has been spared. The pain of defacing any portion of so noble a portrait as Lord Chatham's must not prevent us from marking the traits of a somewhat vulgar, if not a sordid, kind, which are to be found on a closer inspection of the original.—Vol. i. pp. 44—47.

We should gladly extract some of the passages which we have marked in the *Sketches* of Fox, Pitt, and Burke, but for the reasons already stated we desist.

A dark picture—but not more so than truth requires—is furnished in the first volume, of Frederic of Prussia, Gustavus of Sweden, and Catherine of Russia, and in a less degree of Joseph of Austria. The first of these monarchs has been most unduly

magnified, nor is it difficult to account for the fact. Ungrateful, despotic, and heartless; reckless of the feelings of others, but determined at every cost to gratify his own; affecting the character of a philosopher, yet perpetually acting the part of a king; he retained at his court a throng of servile scribes who repaid his patronage by unmerited and fulsome praise. It is to the disgrace of literature, that her votaries have been so frequently the hirelings of kings. The following summary of the character of Frederic does not include some of its darker and more repulsive features.

‘ Upon the whole, all well regulated minds will turn from a minute view of this famous personage, impressed with no veneration for his character, either as a member of society, a ruler of the people, or a part of the European community. That he possessed the talents of an accomplished warrior, and an elegant wit, it would be absurd to deny, and superfluous to demonstrate. He has left us, in his victories and writings, the best proofs; and all that is preserved of his conversation leads to a belief that it surpassed his more careful efforts. He ranked unquestionably in the first class of warriors; nor is it doubtful that the system by which, when carried to its full extent, Napoleon’s victories were gained, had its origin in the strategy of Frederic,—the plan, namely, of rapidly moving vast masses of troops, and always bringing a superior force to bear upon the point of attack. His administration, whether military or civil, was singularly marked by promptitude and energy. Whenever active exertion was required, or could secure success, he was likely to prevail; and as he was in all things a master of those inferior abilities which constitute what we denominate address, it is not wonderful that he was uniformly fortunate in the cabinets of his neighbours. The encouragements which he lavished on learned men were useful, though not always skilfully bestowed; and in this, as in all the departments of his government, we see him constantly working mischief by working too much. His Academy was no less under command than the best disciplined regiment in his service; and did not refuse to acknowledge his authority upon matters of scientific opinion or of taste in the arts. His own literary acquirements were limited to the *belles lettres* and moral sciences; even of these he was far from being completely master. His practice, as an administrator, is inconsistent with an extensive or sound political knowledge; and his acquaintance with the classics was derived from French translations; he knew very little Latin, and no Greek. To his sprightliness in society, and his love of literary company, so rare in princes, he owes the reputation of a philosopher; and to the success of his intrigues and arms, the appellation of Great:—a title which is the less honourable, that mankind have generally agreed to bestow it upon those to whom their gratitude was least of all due.’

—Ib. pp. 344—345.

The following extract from the Sketch of Sir Philip Francis—the whole of which is original—will interest those who have

watched the controversy respecting the authorship of Junius. The evidence on which Sir Philip's claim to this doubtful honor rests, is subsequently stated at length and with much clearness, by Lord Brougham. We should be glad to transcribe the whole passage but it exceeds our limits, and we must therefore confine ourselves to the following.

'His education had been carefully conducted by his father, the translator of Demosthenes and Horace, two works of very unequal merit as regards the English language, though abundantly showing a familiarity with both the Latin and the Greek. The acquaintance with classical compositions which the son thus obtained was extensive, and he added to it a still greater familiarity with the English classics. His taste was thus formed on the best models of all ages, and it was pure to vigorous severity. His own style of writing was admirable, excelling in clearness, abounding in happy idiomatic terms, not overloaded with either words or figures, but not rejecting either beautiful phrases or appropriate ornaments. It was somewhat sententious and even abrupt, like his manner: it did not flow very smoothly, much less fall impetuously; but in force and effect it was by no means wanting, and though somewhat more antithetical, and thus wearing an appearance of more labor, than strict taste might justify, it had the essential quality of being so pellucid as to leave no cloud whatever over the meaning, and seemed so impregnated with the writer's mind as to wear the appearance of being perfectly natural, notwithstanding the artificial texture of the composition. In diction it was exceedingly pure; nor could the writer suffer, though in conversation, any of the modish phrases or even pronunciations which the ignorance or the carelessness of society is perpetually contributing, with the usages of parliament, to vitiate our Saxon dialect. The great offender of all in this kind, the newspaper press, and perhaps most of any those half literary contributors to it who, enamoured of their own sentimental effusions and patch-work style, assume the license of using words in senses never before thought of, were to him the object of unmeasured reprobation; and he would fling from him such effusions with an exclamation that he verily believed he should outlive his mother tongue as well as all memory of plain old English sense, unless those writers succeeded in killing him before his time. His critical severity, even as to the language and tone of conversation, was carried to what sometimes appeared an excess. Thus he was wont to say, that he had already survived the good manly words of assent and denial, the *yes* and *no* of our ancestors, and could now hear nothing but 'unquestionably,' 'certainly,' 'undeniably,' or 'by no means,' and 'I rather think not;' forms of speech to which he gave the most odious and contemptuous names, as effeminate and emasculated, and would turn into ridicule by caricaturing the pronunciation of the words. Thus he would drawl out 'unquestionably,' in a faint, childish tone, and then say, 'Gracious God! does he mean *yes*? Then why not say so at once like a man?' As for the slip-slop of some fluent talkers in society,

who exclaim that they are 'so delighted,' or 'so shocked,' and speak of things being pleasing or hateful 'to a degree,' he would bear down upon them without mercy, and roar out, 'To what degree? Your word means any thing, and every thing, and nothing.'

—Vol. ii. pp. 90—92.

Our last extract is from the Sketch of Mr. Horne Tooke, who for many years 'was the adviser and partisan of greatest weight 'among the high liberal party.' Standing aloof from the aristocratic leaders of the Whigs, whose policy he regarded as but little more patriotic than that of the Tories, this intrepid and upright champion of popular rights, addressed himself directly to the people, and sought to consolidate their forces, as the only effectual means of perpetuating their birthright. Amid the contentions of the two great parties which divide the State, the services of Horne Tooke have been almost forgotten; but in days which are approaching, when the interests of the many will be held paramount to those of the few, when the aristocratic will give way to the popular, and the greatest happiness of the largest number be practically admitted to be the highest purpose of human government, his name will be held in deserved esteem as one of the forerunners of so glorious an era. The following is Lord Brougham's description of his powers of oratory.

'His talents appeared not to be, at least now that he had reached a late period of life, well fitted for parliamentary debate. On the hustings he had shone with great brilliancy. Even in the warfare of the bar he was well calculated to excel. For addressing the multitude with effect he had many of the highest qualifications. Without any power whatever of declamation, with no mastery over the passions, with a manner so far from even partaking at all of vehemence that it was hardly animated in the ordinary degree of conversation, he nevertheless was so clear in his positions, so distinct in his statements of fact, so ready in his repartee, so admirably gifted with the knowledge of what topics would tell best on the occasion, so dexterous in the employment of short, plain, strong arguments, so happy in the use of his various and even motley information, could so powerfully season his discourse with wit and with humour, and so boldly, even recklessly, handle the most perilous topics of attack, whether on individuals or on establishments, that it may be doubted if any man in modern times, when the line has been drawn between refined eloquence, and mob oratory, ever addressed the multitude with more certain, more uniform success. Whoever reads the speeches at the different Westminster elections of 1790, 1796, and 1802, when he stood against both the government candidate and Mr. Fox, will at once perceive how vastly superior his were to those of the other speakers. But, as Mr. Fox was generally very unsuccessful on such occasions, this comparison would furnish an inadequate notion of his great merits in this kind. It is more material to add, that his slow, composed manner,

and clear enunciation, enabling what he said to be easily taken down, the reports which are perused convey a very accurate idea of the singular degree in which he excelled. On the other hand, he was peculiarly fitted for the very different contests of forensic skill, by his learning, his subtlety, his quick and sure perception of resemblances and of diversities, which with his unabashed boldness, his presence of mind, and his imperturbable temper, made him a most powerful advocate, whether before a judge in arguing points of law, or in the conduct of the inquiry for a jury's decision. That he was wholly impregnable in the position which he took, both the court felt when its efforts to stop him or turn aside his course were found to be utterly vain, and the opposing advocate who never for an instant could succeed in putting him down with the weight of authority and of station, any more than in circumventing him by the niceties of technical lore. All that the Mansfields and the Bullers could ever effect, was to occasion a repetition, with aggravating variations, of the offensive passages; all that the Attorney-Generals could attain was some new laughter from the audience at their expense. Unruffled by the vexation of interruptions, as undaunted by power, by station, by professional experience, by the truly formidable conspiracy against all interlopers, in which the whole bar, almost filling the court on great occasions, really is in a great degree, but appears to be in a far greater degree combined,—there stood the layman, rejected as a barrister, relying only on his own resources, and in the most plain and homely English, with more than the self-possession and composure of a judge who had the whole court at his feet, uttered the most offensive opinions, garnished with the broadest and bitterest sarcasms at all the dogmas and all the functionaries whom almost all other men were agreed in deeming exempt from attack, and even too venerable for observation.'

—Ib. pp. 111—113.

In closing our notice of these volumes we must crave permission to say a word or two on the present position of their noble and gifted author. In perusing his *Sketches of illustrious statesmen* we have adverted again and again, to what will probably be said on some future occasion, when the historian comes to record the services and to delineate the political character of Henry Lord Brougham. We confess that the anticipation is not just what we could desire, and we are irresistibly impelled to express a hope, that his lordship will yet give to his position the calm review which is due alike to his own character and to the claims of a nation so deeply indebted to his past exertions. We have never suppressed our admiration of the talents and meritorious services of his lordship. These are written on the history of the age, and their memory will be perpetuated long after his decease, by the noble institutions which he has been mainly instrumental in spreading over the land. The intrepid assailant of political profligacy in the palmy days of Toryism, undaunted in spirit, unwearied in labor, exhaustless in resources; combining beyond

any other man of his day the philosopher and the statesman—the sagacity and intellectual furniture of the former, with the promptitude, and self-reliance, and powers of debate which are essential to the former, Henry Brougham was pre-eminently fitted, in the then state of English society, to be the advocate of popular rights, and the object of a nation's praise. His return for Yorkshire was but a natural expression of the feelings with which he was regarded by all classes of the liberal constituency of the empire. His accession to office on the formation of Earl Grey's administration, removed him from his appropriate sphere. This was not seen for a time. The fact was concealed by the illustrious services which he rendered in the Upper House during the discussions on the Reform Bill; but the secret was gradually elicited, and there is now scarcely a man in the empire, be he Radical, Whig, or Tory, who does not admit it. His exclusion from the Melbourne administration on their return to power in 1835, placed the matter beyond question; while the subsequent career of his lordship has left as little doubt in the minds of all reflecting men, of his being unequal to the peculiarly delicate and trying position in which as a politician he has since been placed. Of the grounds of his exclusion the public are not informed. Rumours have, indeed, been afloat, but how far they are to be received as authority remains yet to be learnt. We trust that this chapter of secret history will not remain unwritten. Wherever the blame rests, the public are entitled to have the mystery solved, and future statesmen may, probably, gather instruction from the disclosure. We have our suspicions, but let these pass.

It may easily be conceived, that there is an imperiousness and impatience of contradiction, a recklessness of the feelings and a contemptuous disregard of the opinions of others, about Lord Brougham, which renders it exceeding difficult for inferior men to work with him. Incomparably superior in intellectual endowments to his associates, conscious of his own great powers, and flushed with the victories he had already achieved, he may have been wanting in that deference to which aristocratic assumption deemed itself entitled, and have laid himself open to the yet graver charge of attempting to overbear or of treating with indifference the views of respectable and virtuous mediocrity. All this may be admitted, and even more than this, but something further is needed, to justify his exclusion from the ministry which his talents had adorned and his oratory so effectually served. Such traits of character as we have noticed are deeply to be deplored. They are not the mere irregularities of genius,—to be palliated and excused; but radical defects which seriously militate against the practical worth of the talents enjoyed. There is one passage in Lord Brougham's description of Lord Chatham which could scarcely have been penned, we are ready to think, without

an inward turning of the eye—a consciousness on the part of the artist that he was sketching himself as well as the Great Commoner. It relates to the intrigue by which Chatham was supplanted, and is as follows: 'There can be little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great Minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of every-day matters, had raised against him among all the creatures both of Downing Street and St. James's. In fact, his colleagues, who necessarily felt humbled by his superiority, were needlessly mortified by the constant display of it; and it would have betokened a still higher reach of understanding, as well as a purer fabric of patriotism, if he, whose great capacity threw those subordinates into the shade, and before whose vigour in action they were sufficiently willing to yield, had united a little suavity in his demeanour with his extraordinary powers, nor made it always necessary for them to acknowledge as well as to feel their inferiority.'

In the absence of more explicit information, we are led to attribute Lord Brougham's exclusion from the councils of his former associates to the very defects to which he here points attention, and on which he so justly animadvert. The case is singular, and not devoid of instruction: but, admitting all which can justly be urged on these grounds, the country is still entitled to ask why one of the earliest and most consistent, and confessedly the most able of its popular chiefs, was thrown off by his party, at a time when his services was most needed and would have proved most valuable? We wait for the reply which coming times will furnish to this query. Whether it was wise in the Whig ministers to alienate so important an ally; one who had served their party beyond all other men, and stood confessedly in its foremost rank, is now no longer a question of doubt. The parliamentary experience of recent sessions has determined the point, and the ministers themselves must see that it has done so. It may have been right, for aught we shall say at present, to drive Achilles from their camp, but that it was eminently impolitic, and has proved most disastrous, we need use no words to show. The records of the Upper House—its debates and its votes—fully establish this.

It must not be supposed, from what we have said, that we are any admirers of Lord Brougham's recent doings. We make the confession in very sadness of heart, but it is extorted from us, and as we have freely expressed our admiration of his talents, and gratitude for his former services, we now as freely give utterance, though with very different feelings, to the mortification awakened by many of his recent exhibitions, in which passion has been strangely mistaken for principle, and the bitterness of a galled and mortified spirit has been thinly veiled under the guise

of patriotism. We regret, deeply regret, that another instance has been added to those previously on record, of great intellectual powers unsustained by a corresponding moral elevation; a long course of enlightened and consistent public conduct marred, if not utterly despoiled, by the predominance of one dark passion, which knows no object, and seeks no gratification, but the indulgence of its own vindictive temper. There is scarcely one of our public men, of whom we would not rather have been compelled to make this admission, than of Lord Brougham. We would rather have given up some dozen others, than have relinquished our confidence in Henry Brougham, the champion of a persecuted and murdered Queen; the unbought advocate of the martyred Smith; the zealous friend of popular education; the very personification of a nation's feelings, when, in a strain of eloquence unrivalled in modern times, he besought the infatuated members of the Upper House not to rouse 'a peace-loving, but a resolute people,' by the rejection of the Bill on which they had set their hearts.*

We do not censure his lordship for being frequently in opposition to her Majesty's present ministers, but for so conducting that opposition as to render his oratory powerless, and to awaken sympathy, rather than otherwise, for the men whose measures he has scattered to the wind. We are only giving utterance to the feeling which is all but universal among true reformers when we say, that the acrimony and vindictiveness, the obvious strugglings of wounded pride and of ungratified ambition recently exhibited by his lordship, have done more to damage his reputation, and to shake the confidence of his friends, than could have been effected by his exclusion from a dozen such administrations as now exists. Determined to make his power felt, where his aid was spurned, he has forgotten the feelings of bystanders, and the regard that was due to his own high character.

We are no admirers of Lord Melbourne's administration, and have now relinquished our last hope of them. For a time we were willing to believe—nay, we thought it certain—that their return to office would be attended with a change in their policy. We did not conceive it possible that any set of men could be found—much less any professed Liberals—to retain office, after having confessedly lost the confidence of the Lower House, unless prepared to bring their policy and their measures into better harmony with the known sentiments of their supporters. Experience, however, has taught us our error; yet we do not regret the hopes we cherished, or the public demonstrations which were made. The country has thus vindicated itself, and left the minister and his associates without excuse. The opportunity proffered them has, indeed, been lost, and history will testify

* Lord Brougham's Speeches, ii. 630.

whose was the imbecility, or the lukewarmness, or the treachery to which the failure is attributable. If it be true, as some allege, that certain sections of the Whig party are too purely aristocratic to allow of any further concession to the popular will, then we fear that the glory of Whiggery is gone; that it has accomplished its work; has performed its vocation; and must henceforth be content to act a subordinate and inglorious part in the guidance of affairs. On many accounts we regret this, but the course of events cannot be stopt, nor are the interests of a great nation to be sacrificed to the pride of an aristocratical faction, whether Whig or Tory. The imbecility of the present government has long been notorious:—all that its bitterest foes could desire was that it should brand itself with the folly of which it has recently been guilty.

Some change must occur, ere long, and better any than that the present state of things should continue. We are fully persuaded that there is no love of Toryism in the heart of the people; and we cannot, therefore, share in the terror with which some good folks contemplate the possibility of Sir Robert Peel's premiership. Come when it may—and the more powerfully, the sooner it happens—it will sound an alarm throughout the empire which will make men bestir themselves.

In the approaching struggle, we are not without hope, that Lord Brougham will yet enact a part worthy of his better self; that, laying aside all personal considerations; forgetful of wrongs, if wrongs have been perpetrated; nobly superior to all vindictiveness, and alive only to the inspirations of true genius and patriotism; he will come forth to the advocacy of a nation's cause, against the embattled hosts by which the relics of feudal times, and the selfishness of short-sighted and most pernicious monopolies are defended. Identified with the people by a long series of useful labour, his truest glory consists in following out the policy of his former life, regardless of the neglect of his recent associates, and disdainful of the cheers with which a Tory majority of the Upper House are now accustomed to welcome the bitter effusions of his wrath. An unoccupied field is yet before him, and he has no competitor if found true to himself. The popular mind calls for some leader in whose talents and integrity it may repose confidence, and would hail with rapturous joy any indication of his lordship's return to that sober, enlightened, and masculine view of 'the signs of the times,' by which he was once distinguished. Some persons may deem our anticipations delusive, but we cannot yet consent to relinquish the hope, that the calmer judgment and deep-searching of his lordship's intellect will find utterance in the language attributed by the great dramatist to young Harry of Monmouth, when the nobler elements of his nature, rising in triumph over the follies and vices of youth, prompted him to exclaim,

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.'

We have exceeded the space allotted us, and must close. Before doing so, however, we remark, that if any of our observations have exceeded the just limits of our province, we have only to plead in extenuation of the fault, the deep interest which we feel in the public life of Lord Brougham, and our solicitude that his name should go down to posterity among the illustrious few, whose conduct has been worthy of the highest powers with which our nature can be endowed.

Brief Notices.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition, greatly improved, with the Supplement to the former editions incorporated. Illustrated by an entirely new set of Engravings on Steel. Edited by Professor Napier. Part CVIII. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

In common with a large class of our countrymen, we were much gratified by the commencement, some few years since, of the publication of a new and greatly improved edition of this standard work; and we avail ourselves of the appearance of the present *Part*, to record our admiration of the spirited manner in which the undertaking has been carried forward, and to commend it to the confidence and patronage of our readers. No expense has been spared by the enterprising publishers in bringing up the work to the present advanced state of the sciences. A very large proportion of the articles have been recomposed, and vast additions have been made to their number. Of the literary and scientific character of the work, the name of the Editor and the list of his distinguished contributors, are an ample guarantee. The most eminent men in the several departments of human knowledge have been engaged, and their papers are every way worthy of their fame. The mode of publication is eminently convenient, and greatly facilitates the taking in of the work by persons of limited incomes. It is issued in Parts once a fortnight at 3s., in Monthly Parts at 6s., and in half volumes, which appear quarterly, at 18s. As the work is now nearly completed, a new issue has been commenced of a half volume monthly, to meet the convenience of new subscribers. The present Part contains several articles of sterling

value ; on one of which, ' Religious Missions,' by James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers, we had intended to have dwelt at some length. From this purpose however we are induced to desist, as we intend, ere long, to enter somewhat largely on the subject of this paper, when we shall make free use of the valuable suggestions which it contains.

English Stories of the Olden Time. By Maria Hack. Two volumes. 12mo. London: Harvey and Darton.

One of the most instructive and captivating works for young people which we have met with for a long time past. Having witnessed its power of rivetting their attention, we can speak confidently on this point, and would recommend all parents and instructors of youth to place it immediately in the hands of their charge. The form of stories has been preferred to that of a continuous narrative, and the style maintained is at once clear, simple, and attractive. Having stated in a preface distinguished by its modesty and good feeling, that the work was 'intended for children of twelve or thirteen years old,' Mrs. Hack subsequently remarks 'Those who have finished their school education will find much in these pages which the abridgments used in the seminaries they have quitted, do not contain ; and, without pretending to the dignity of a regular history, I hope these little narratives and conversations will convey a more distinct and faithful idea of the events and characters which they attempt to delineate, than has yet been offered to the notice of young persons.'

We need say no more than, that in placing these volumes in the hands of our own children, we feel assured that we are at once securing their growth in useful knowledge, and the innocent recreation of their minds.

The Revival of Religion. By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

An admirable tribute, by one of our best writers, to the cause of practical Christianity, which we commend to the immediate, most attentive, and prayerful perusal of all our readers. The pamphlet is printed in a cheap form for general circulation, and our rich men would be doing good service to the church, were they to distribute it among their poorer brethren.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China in 1831, 1832, and 1833, with Notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo-Choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay on the Policy, Religion, &c., of the Chinese. By the Rev. W. Ellis. Third Edition. London: Thomas Ward and Co.

The work of a man who has done more to break down the barrier which prevents the entrance of Christian missionaries into China, than any other human being. It must therefore be read with interest by all who are solicitous to promote the spiritual welfare of mankind ; and we rejoice to see upon our table a third edition, with a suitable

introductory essay by the esteemed Foreign Secretary of the London Mission. The neat and cheap form of this reprint will secure its extended circulation.

Progressive Education: or Considerations on the Course of Life.
Translated from the French of M. Necker du Saussure. 2 vols.
small 8vo. Longman: 1839.

This is a very excellent work and well deserving the attention especially of those who are concerned in the management of young children. It contains the experience of a close and intelligent observer.

Several of the chapters, particularly those on obedience, will form a valuable antidote to the notions of laxity in discipline which have been so rife of late years. The fallacy of resting obedience to order, whether from parents or teachers, on the persuasion of the pupil is properly denounced. Parents say now, 'We never oblige him to do what he does not see the propriety of doing; we endeavour to show him the reason why he should do this or that.' They seem to have forgotten that when they have given an order, they have in so doing given what ought to be the strongest motive for obedience, and that by adding other motives, inducements, persuasions, and coaxings (for it soon comes to that), they are only weakening the grand motive and habit of obedience, and encouraging the arts of dissimulation and hypocrisy. Obedience, unless *prompt*, is as much like *disobedience* as it can be.

Literary Intelligence.

In the Press.

The Voluntary System: or The 'Purposes of the Heart'—not the Enactments of the Law—the rule of Christian devotedness. By Joseph Angus, M.A., being the Essay to which the Prize of 100 Guineas offered by the Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty has been awarded.

Miss Emma Roberts announces for Publication early in July a 'Guide to India,' in one vol. post 8vo., containing all needful information concerning the voyage out, and the overland route to India, with complete lists of necessities and expences.

Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D., F.R.S., M.R.A.S., &c., compiled by his Widow, with a Portrait, to which is appended, besides other interesting documents, a critical Essay on the Literary labours of Dr. Morrison. By the Rev. Samuel Kidd, Professor of Chinese in University College.

Just Published.

Notices of the Reformation in the South West Provinces of France. By Robert Francis Jameson.

The Life of Sir Richard Hill, M.P. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M.
Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity. A Discourse delivered at Chadwell Street Chapel. By Thomas Binney. Second Edition.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. Vol. IV.

Principles of Teaching; or the Normal School Manual; containing Practical Suggestions on the Government and Instruction of Children. By Henry Dunn. Third Edition.

The Pictorial Shakspeare. King Henry V. Part 8.

The Pictorial History of Palestine. By the Editor of 'The Pictorial Bible.'

The History of Christianity in India from the Commencement of the Christian Era. By the Rev. James Hough, M.A., late Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company at Madras. 2 vols.

Dialogues, Poems, Songs, and Ballads, by various Writers in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, now first Collected with a copious Glossary of Words peculiar to those Counties.

Hindoo Female Education. By Priscilla Chapman.

Capital Punishment: the Importance of its Abolition. A Prize Essay. By the Rev. James Peggs.

The Listener in Oxford. By the Author of 'Christ our Example,' &c.

The Outlaw; a Drama in Five Acts. By Robert Storey.

Floreston: or the New Lord of the Manor. A Tale of Humanity, comprising the History of a Rural Revolution from Vice and Misery to Virtue and Happiness.

The Works of the Rev. John Newton. With a Life of the Author by the Rev. Richard Cecil; and an Introduction by the Rev. Francis Cunningham. Imperial 8vo.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III. Second Series. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S.

The Dukes of Normandy, from the Time of Rollo to the Expulsion of King John by Philip Augustus of France. By Jonathan Duncan, Esq., B.A.

Practical Illustrations of the Virtues. By Miss Caroline Ward. Part I. Faith.

The Christian Ministry Contemplated in the Devotional Spirit it requires, in its Labours, its Importance, and its Results. By J. G. Pike.

Ancient Christianity. Part II.

Memoirs of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 2 vols.

A General outline of the Animal Kingdom and Manual of Comparative Anatomy. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.Z.S. Part VI.

Glimpses of the Past. By Charlotte Elizabeth.

Supplement to the History of British Fishes. By William Yarrell, F.L.S. Illustrated with Woodcuts.

Lectures to Professing Christians. By Charles G. Finney. From Notes by the Editor of the New York Evangelist, revised by the Author.

Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard. With versions in the Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and French Languages.

The Lords of Effingham; a Drama in Five Acts. By Henry Spicer.

Blanche of Navarre; a Play. By G. P. R. James, Esq.

The Spaniard; or, Relvindez and Elzora, a Tragedy; and the Young Country Widow, a Comedy. With three Letters of Dr. Blair; and Thoughts on the Present State of the British Drama, and what seems calculated to improve it. By Simon Gray, Esq.

Desultory Thoughts and Reflections. By the Countess of Blessington.

Woman's Mission.

Chronicles of the Law Officers of Ireland. By Constantine J. Smythe, B.A.